

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

HOLD IT---
PERFECT! GLAD I GOT
YOU WITH **NOBODY**
ELSE IN THE
PICTURE!

The STRANGEST STORY
OF THE YEAR! SOLVE
THE MYSTERY OF THE
INVISIBLE WOMAN, IN...
"The **ENIGMA** of
EDITH!"

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only \$ 2⁹⁸



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- Altimeter
- Jet Steering Levers
- Radar Screen
- Bomb Sight
- Disintegrator Gun Sight
- Oxygen Control Gauges
- Atomic Fuel Indicator

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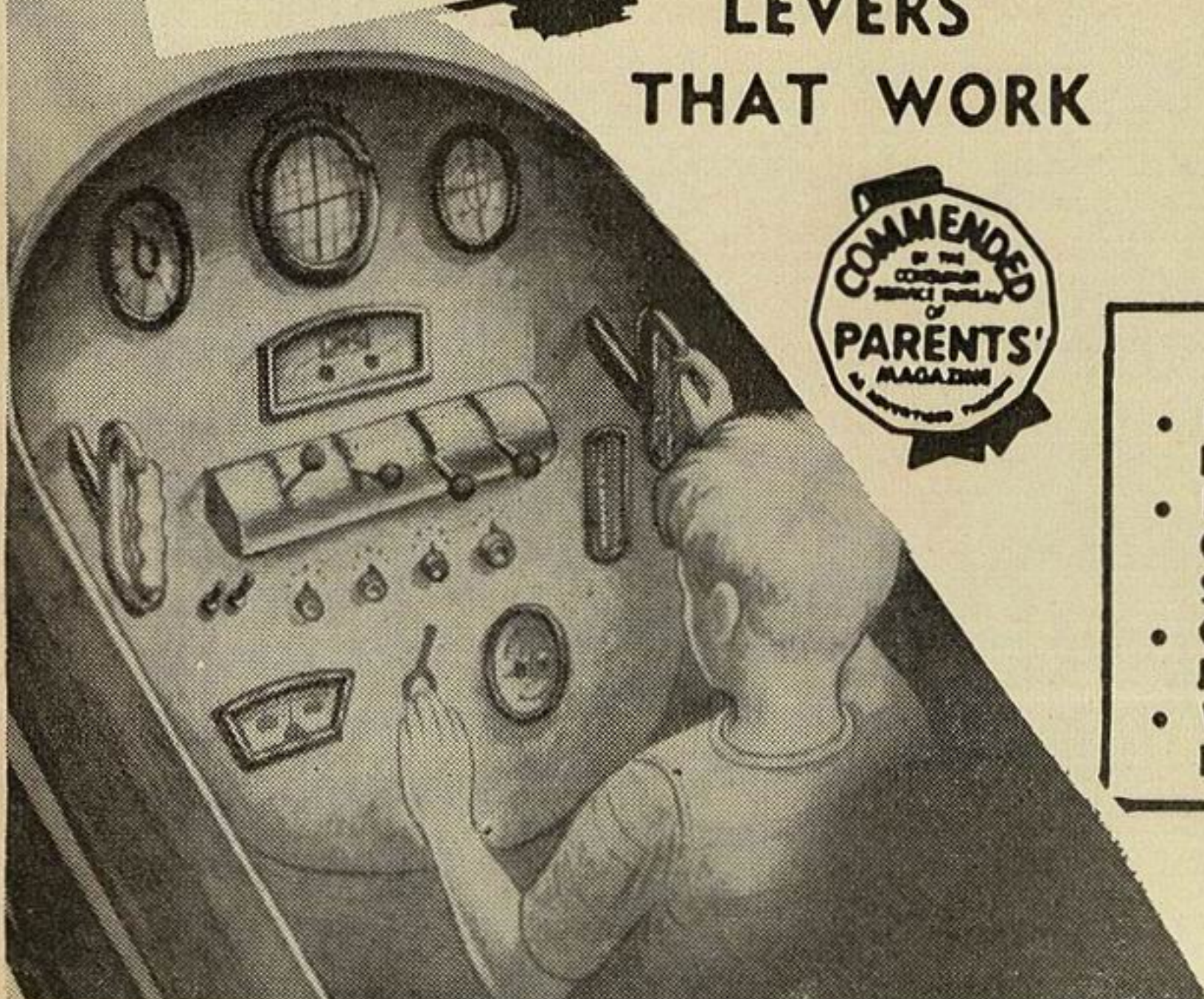
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BORN TO RULE!

THE ROCKET'S
PARALYZED IN
MID-AIR! WHAT
ARE THOSE THINGS
COMING UP
AT US?



ASTRONOMY TELLS US THAT
THERE ARE MILLIONS OF
GALAXIES, EACH ONE CONTAINING
MILLIONS OF STARS!
IN THIS MIND-STAGGERING
TOTAL, WHO KNOWS HOW
MANY PLANETS ARE
CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING
LIFE?
AND IF SOME DO, WHAT
KIND OF LIFE MIGHT IT
BE -- WHAT KIND OF
INTELLIGENCE MAY BE
FOUND IN THE ENDLESS
REACHES OF SPACE?

WASHINGTON, D.C. --
I'LL NEED 20 MILLION
DOLLARS TO CARRY OUT
THE PROJECT, SIR!

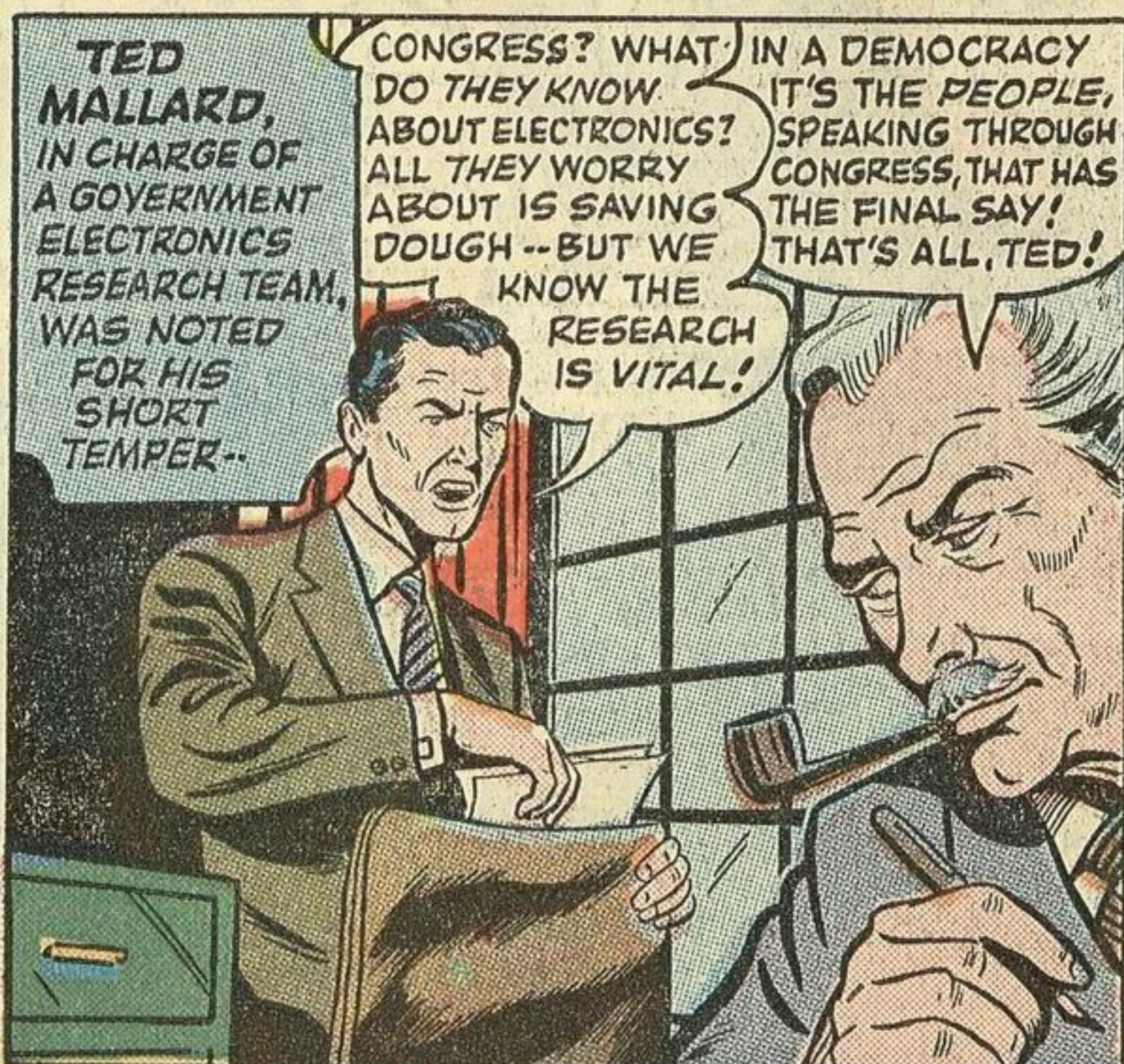
IT WON'T BE
EASY GETTING
CONGRESS TO
APPROVE SUCH
A STIFF
BUDGET--BUT
I'LL DO MY
BEST!



**TED
MALLARD,**
IN CHARGE OF
A GOVERNMENT
ELECTRONICS
RESEARCH TEAM,
WAS NOTED
FOR HIS
SHORT
TEMPER--

CONGRESS? WHAT
DO THEY KNOW
ABOUT ELECTRONICS?
ALL THEY WORRY
ABOUT IS SAVING
DOUGH--BUT WE
KNOW THE
RESEARCH
IS VITAL!

IN A DEMOCRACY
IT'S THE PEOPLE,
SPEAKING THROUGH
CONGRESS, THAT HAS
THE FINAL SAY!
THAT'S ALL, TED!



IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS OFFICE--

NINCOMPOOPS, SHORT-SIGHTED FOOLS--ALL OF THEM! DEMOCRACY--HA! SOCIETY SHOULD BE RUN BY TOP SCIENTISTS--MEN WITH **BRAINS!**

AND WHAT ABOUT THE ORDINARY MAN? DOESN'T HE HAVE RIGHTS?

THE AVERAGE MAN'S A FATHEAD! WHY SHOULD HE BE ANYTHING BUT A WORKER? PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME -- **GENIUSES**-- WE WERE BORN TO **RULE!**

TAKE IT EASY, TED--YOU'RE BLOWING YOUR STACK!

THAT NIGHT, STILL FUMING, TED HAD AN UNEXPECTED CALLER--

ART! -- WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING... I JUST THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO CONTINUE THAT TALK OF THIS AFTERNOON! THAT WAS QUITE A TANTRUM YOU THREW!

ART MORLEY WAS AN ELECTRONICS WIZARD, WHO NEVER BEFORE HAD HAD MUCH TO SAY--

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, TED, IS THAT EVERYTHING COMES TOO EASY FOR YOU! YOU'RE IMPATIENT WITH PEOPLE OF LESSER INTELLIGENCE--

SO WHAT? I'M A SCIENTIST-- NOT A SALESMAN!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SENTIMENTALITY! PEOPLE WITH BRAINS SHOULD HAVE POWER--THE REST DON'T COUNT!

MY CAR'S DOWN-STAIRS! COME ON... I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!

FOR HOURS THEY DROVE INTO EVER MORE DESERTED TERRITORY--

LOOK, ART, I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH! EITHER YOU TELL ME--

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER--STRAIGHT AHEAD!



WHAT IN THE --?

IT'S A SPACE SHIP, ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T BE ALARMED!



EVERYTHING IS PREPARED, THEO! IS THIS THE MAN YOU MENTIONED?

YES! I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY!



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

MY REAL NAME IS THEO-- I'M A VISITOR FROM SPACE! I'M TAKING YOU ON A LITTLE TRIP -- AND I PROMISE YOU IT'LL BE EDUCATIONAL!



TO TED, THOUGH STILL DAZED BY THE AMAZING TURN OF EVENTS, THIS WAS A FABULOUS OPPORTUNITY --

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

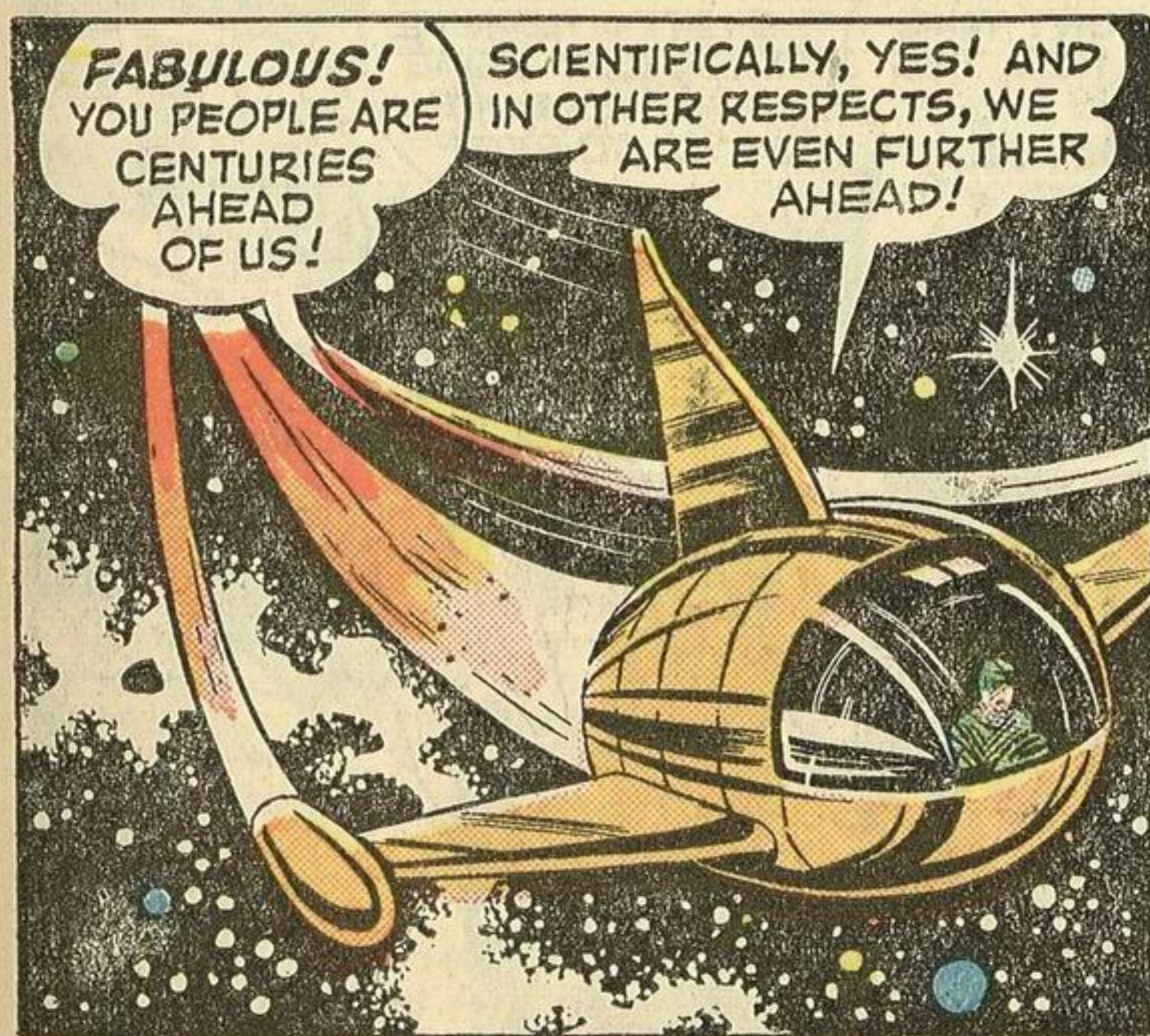
THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT YOU WON'T BELIEVE!



AS THE MOTOR ROAR SUBSIDED INTO A LOW, STEADY HUM --

YOU... A REAL SPACE MAN! WHAT WAS YOUR MISSION ON EARTH?

LET'S JUST SAY I AM SOMETHING OF A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT FROM MY PLANET! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE ROCKET WORKS!



FABULOUS! YOU PEOPLE ARE CENTURIES AHEAD OF US!

SCIENTIFICALLY, YES! AND IN OTHER RESPECTS, WE ARE EVEN FURTHER AHEAD!



IN A FOUR-DIMENSIONAL TIME QUADRANT, TED HAD NO IDEA HOW LONG THEY WERE IN FLIGHT WHEN--

WE'RE IN OUR HOME GRAVITATIONAL FIELD, THEO!

GOOD! RADIO AHEAD FOR LANDING INSTRUCTIONS!



WITHIN SECONDS--

IT'S FANTASTIC! WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS PLANET?

KLEXORA! I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND YOUR STAY HERE -- INTERESTING!



TRANSFERRING AT THE LANDING SPACE TO AN AIR TAXI, TED WAS TAKEN ON A TOUR OF THE CITY --

I'M-SPEECHLESS! IT MAKES EVERY-THING ON EARTH LOOK PRIMITIVE!

YES, I'M AFRAID IT DOES! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THE GOVERNMENT WORKS, HOW CHILDREN ARE EDUCATED, AND SO FORTH!



TED WAS AMAZED AT HOW WONDERFULLY THINGS WERE RUN ON KLEXORA -- BUT HIS GREATEST SHOCK CAME IN AN EIGHTH GRADE CLASS ROOM --

NOW, LORNA, IF A ROCKET IS TRAVELING AT $3/8$ LIGHT SPEED IN A WARPED FIVE-DIMENSION SPACE, HOW MUCH QUANTUM TORQUE IS NEEDED TO DOUBLE THE SPEED?

THAT'S AN EASY ONE! 3 OVER GT, OF COURSE!



THOSE KIDS! --WIZARDS! COMPARED TO THEM I'M A MORON!

QUITE TRUE! ONLY THOSE KIDS AREN'T WIZARDS--THEY'RE PERFECTLY NORMAL ON THIS PLANET!



ACCORDING TO YOUR THEORY, WE SHOULD CONQUER THE EARTH AND MAKE YOU ALL SLAVES--SINCE YOU'RE ALL SO INFERIOR!

MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, THAT'S WHAT YOU SHOULD DO--EVEN IF IT MEANT I'D BE A SLAVE MYSELF!



YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO CONVINCE! IS INTELLIGENCE THE ONLY THING THAT COUNTS?

IF YOU CONQUERED US, WE'D HAVE A BETTER WORLD MUCH FASTER! YOU PEOPLE DESERVE TO RULE!



PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME HOME YET! THIS PLACE IS LIKE--PARADISE!

THIS ISN'T A PLEASURE CRUISE, TED! COME ON--THERE'S MORE FOR YOU TO SEE!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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A SUPER HIGH-POTENCY TONIC CAP

Containing 36 Minerals, Enzymes, Lipotropic Factors and Important Nutrients

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high-potency formula may bring you new, youthful vigor, energy and zest for living—even if ordinary vitamin products have failed.

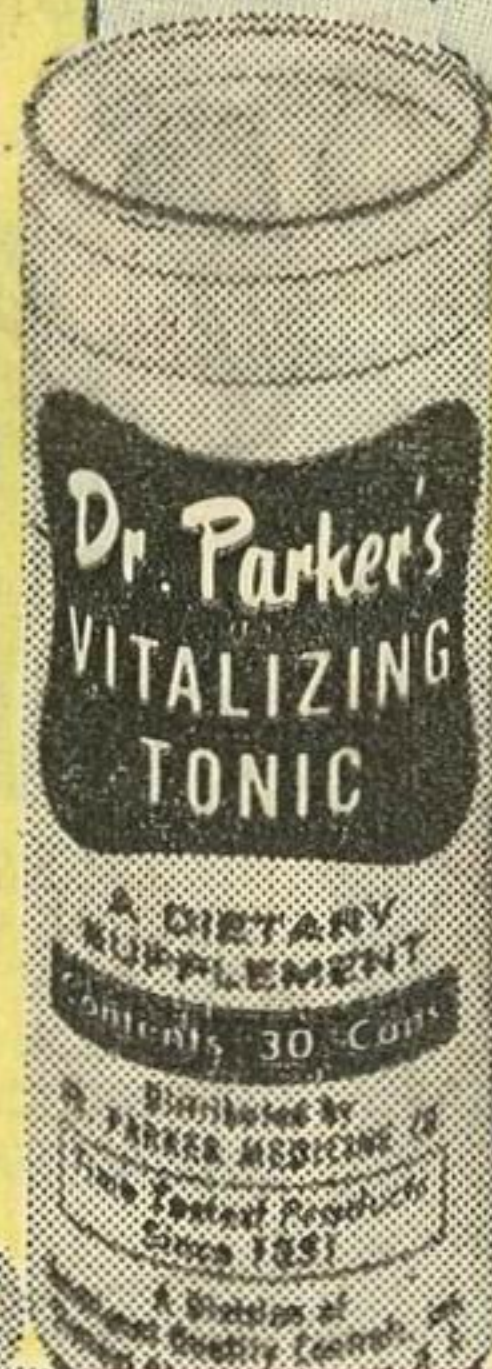
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I enclose 25¢ for packing and postage

Initial Your

O. K. Here.....

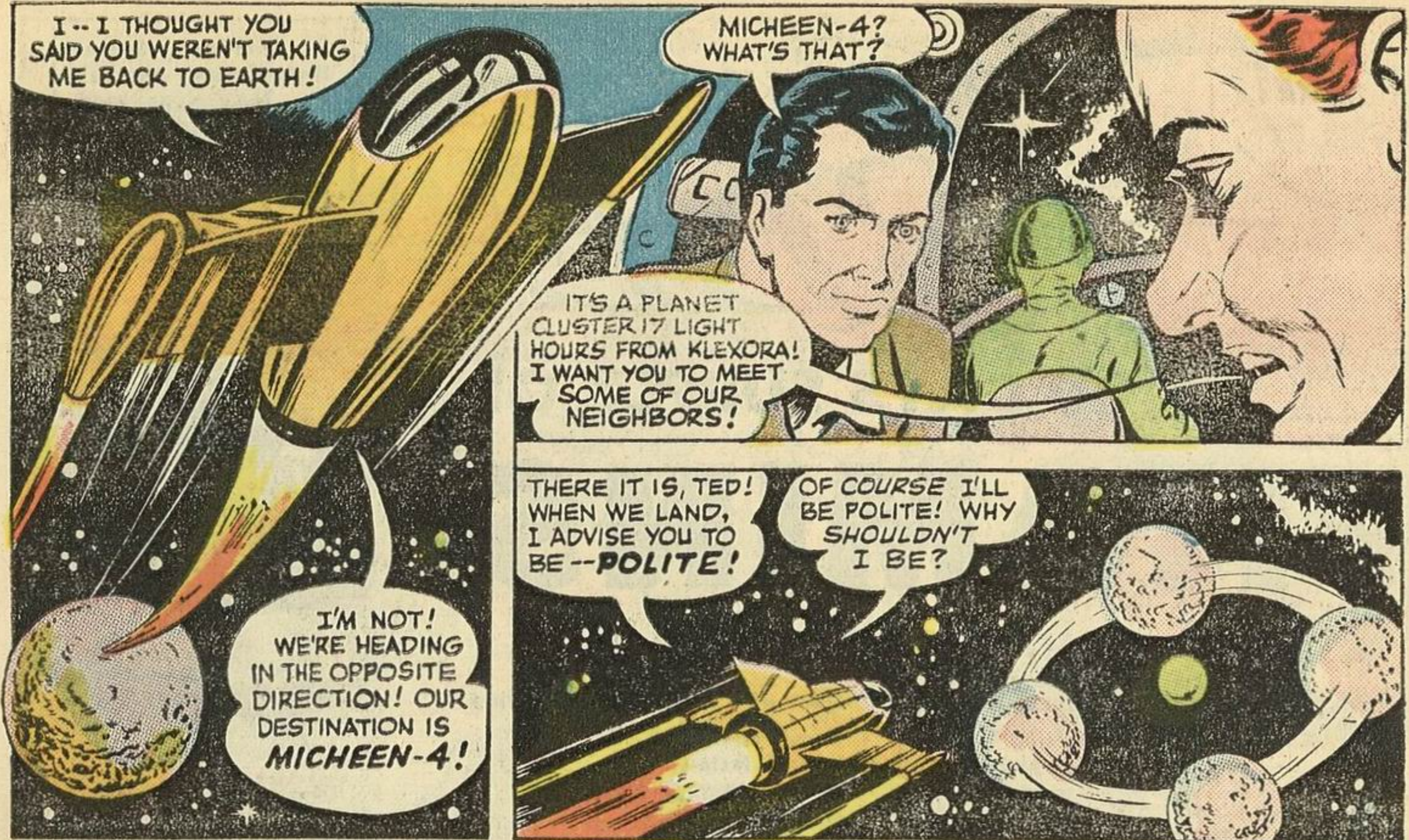
Only one trial supply per family

SHIPPING LABEL

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



I -- I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T TAKING ME BACK TO EARTH!

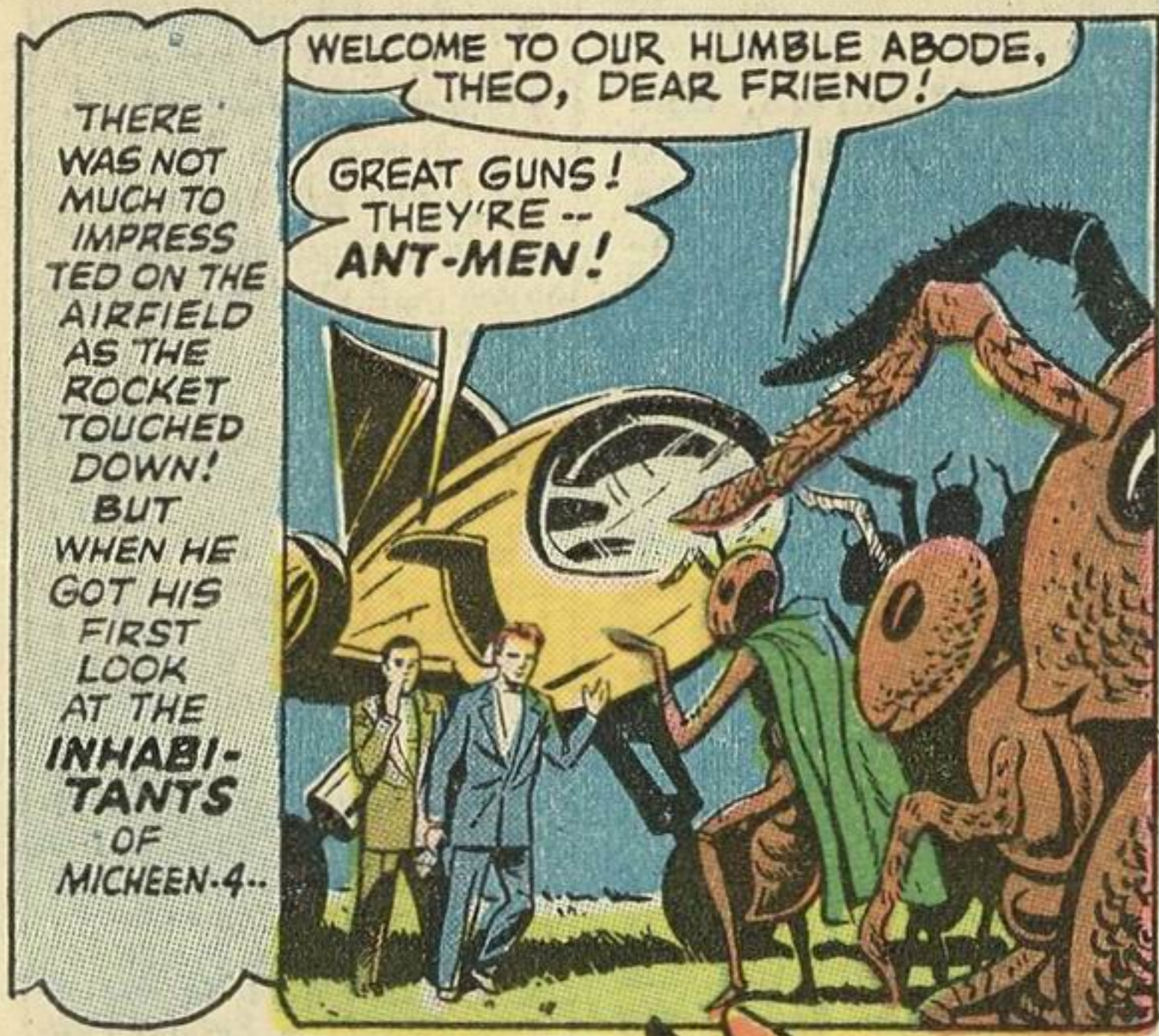
MICHEEN-4? WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A PLANET CLUSTER 17 LIGHT HOURS FROM KLEXORA! I WANT YOU TO MEET SOME OF OUR NEIGHBORS!

I'M NOT! WE'RE HEADING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION! OUR DESTINATION IS MICHEEN-4!

THERE IT IS, TED! WHEN WE LAND, I ADVISE YOU TO BE -- **POLITE!**

OF COURSE I'LL BE POLITE! WHY SHOULDN'T I BE?



THERE WAS NOT MUCH TO IMPRESS TED ON THE AIRFIELD AS THE ROCKET TOUCHED DOWN! BUT WHEN HE GOT HIS FIRST LOOK AT THE INHABITANTS OF MICHEEN-4...

WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE ABODE, THEO, DEAR FRIEND!

GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE -- **ANT-MEN!**



GREETINGS, OH MIGHTY AHAN-LI! I BRING A VISITOR FROM **EARTH!** MAY WE INSPECT YOUR CIVILIZATION HERE?

IT WILL BE AN HONOR! LET US MOUNT THE NEARBY PLATFORM!



WHAT **IS** THIS THING? WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO DO?

IT'S A RATHER REMARKABLE DEVICE! PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED-- BUT WE'RE ABOUT TO BE DISINTEGRATED!

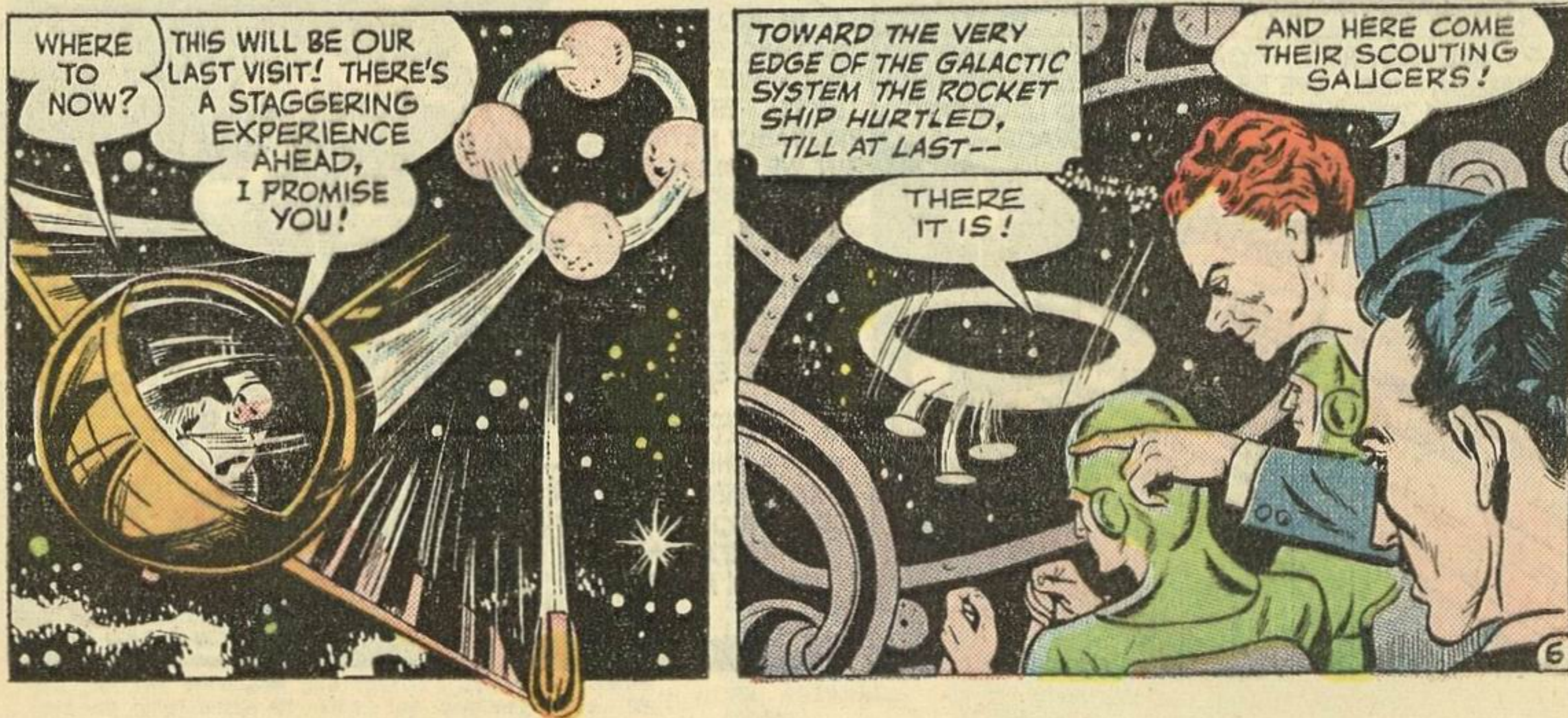
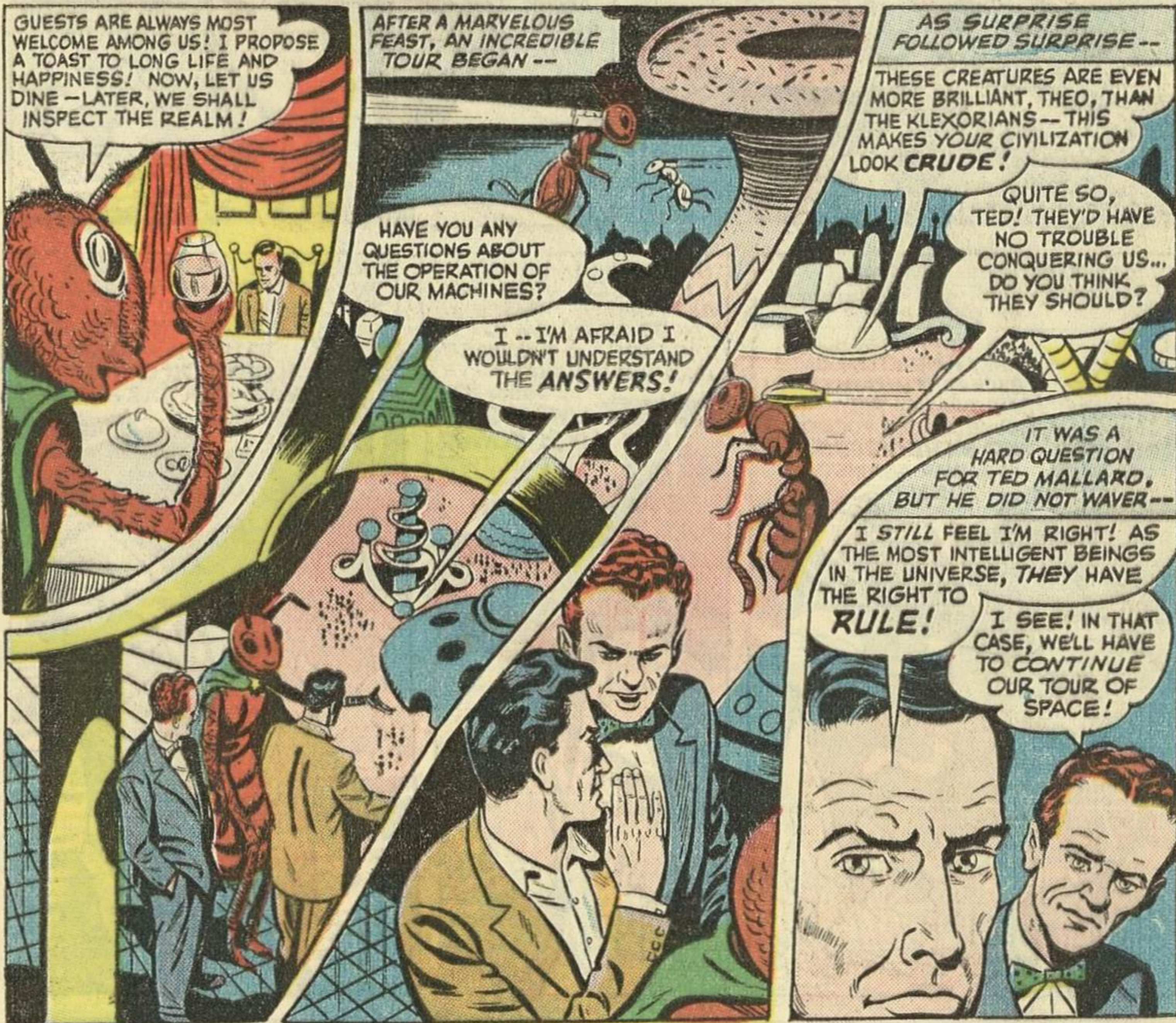


NEXT MOMENT, THE PLATFORM WAS STRUCK AS IF BY A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORM --

WHAT'S -- HAPPENING?

RELAX! THIS WON'T HURT A BIT!

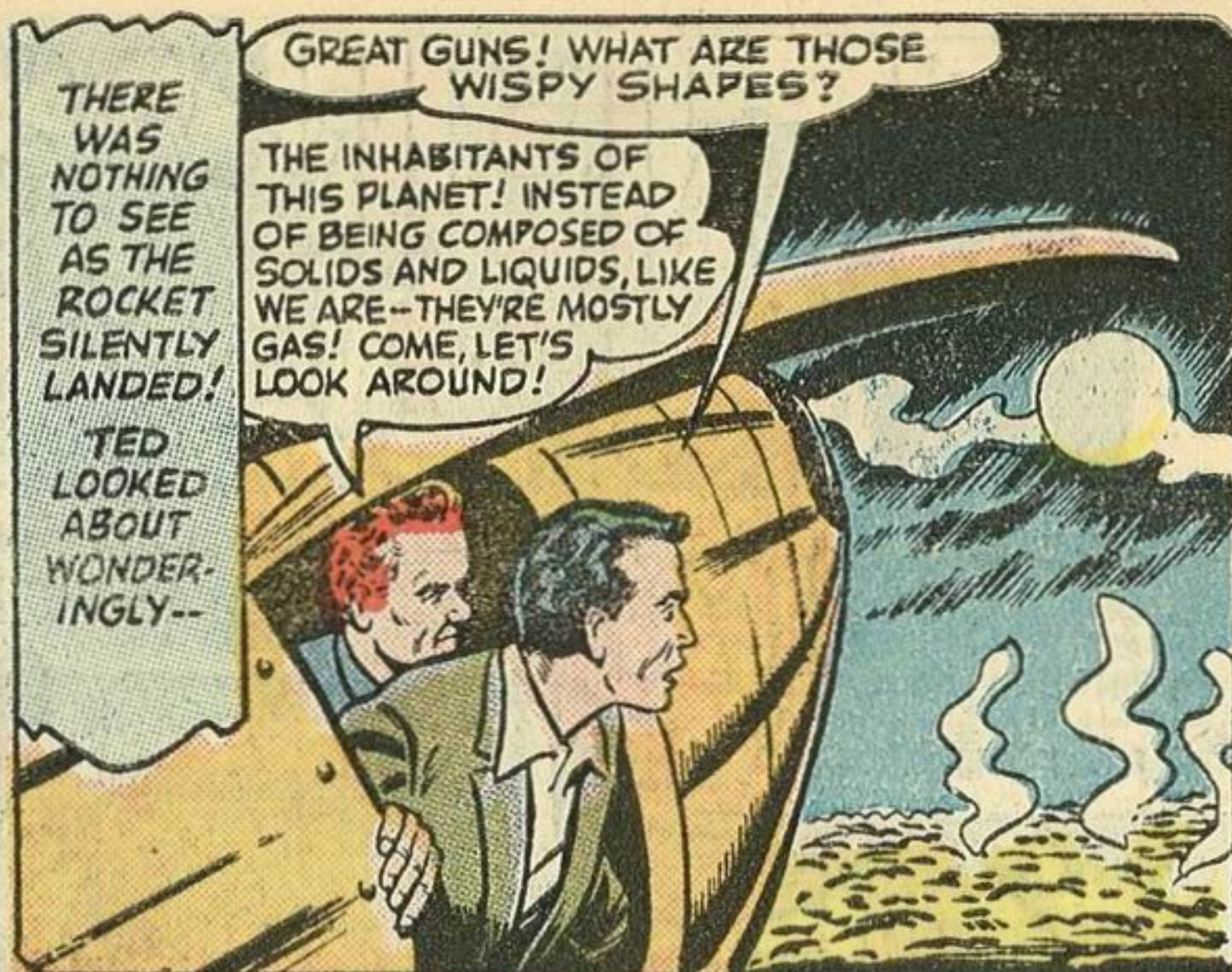
CRACK!





OUR MOTORS--THEY'RE DEAD! WE'RE MOTIONLESS IN SPACE!

EASY, TED! THE CIVILIZATION BELOW ALLOWS NO INTRUDERS TO PASS WITHOUT INSPECTION! THEY LAND US BY REMOTE CONTROL RADAR!



THERE WAS NOTHING TO SEE AS THE ROCKET SILENTLY LANDED!

TED LOOKED ABOUT WONDERINGLY--

GREAT GUNS! WHAT ARE THOSE WISPY SHAPES?

THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET! INSTEAD OF BEING COMPOSED OF SOLIDS AND LIQUIDS, LIKE WE ARE--THEY'RE MOSTLY GAS! COME, LET'S LOOK AROUND!



THE TERRAIN WAS BARREN AND FORBIDDING... THE ONLY STRUCTURES APPEARED TO BE VAGUE MISTS --

CAN WE -- TALK WITH THESE BEINGS?

WE DON'T KNOW HOW -- THEY HAVE NO LANGUAGE EXCEPT TELEPATHY! YOU SAW THE WAY THEY PARALYZED OUR ROCKET-- WE'D BE **HELPLESS** IN A WAR AGAINST THEM!



GREAT GUNS! -- A GENIUS ON ONE PLANET CAN BE AN IDIOT ON ANOTHER!

EXACTLY! THE ONLY REASON WE HAVE PEACE IN THE UNIVERSE IS THAT WE'VE LEARNED TO **LIVE AND LET LIVE!** POWER ISN'T ALL THAT MATTERS TO US!



THOSE THINGS -- THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

AS FAR AS WE KNOW, THEY'RE **PURE INTELLECT!** IF WE'VE LEARNED TO LIVE IN HARMONY, SURELY YOU CAN GET ALONG WITH YOUR FELLOW EARTHLINGS!



AS THE LONG TRIP BACK TO EARTH COMMENCED --

I -- I SEE NOW HOW **WRONG** I'VE BEEN, THEO! I'VE BEEN CONCEITED, ARROGANT--

BUT YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR **LESSON!** TAKE A GOOD LOOK OUT AT SPACE --

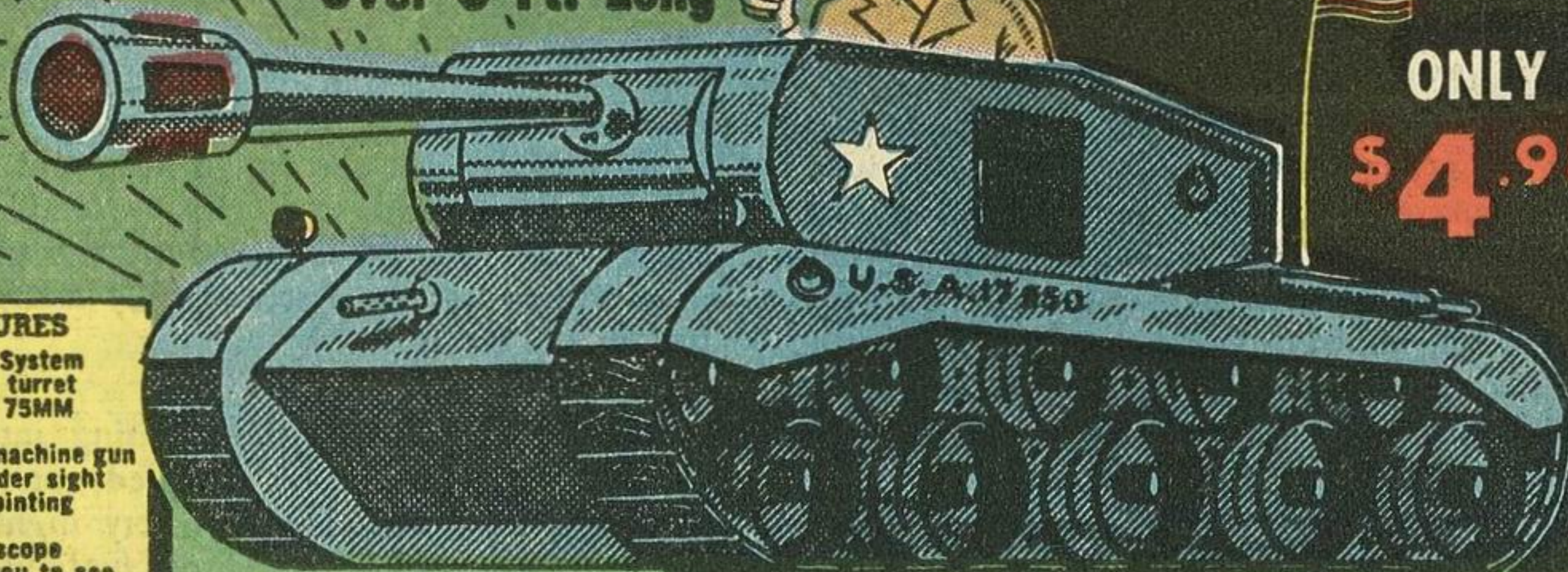


IN THOSE GREAT DISTANCES, THERE IS MUCH WE HAVEN'T EXPLORED -- AND PROBABLY NEVER WILL! BUT WE KNOW THAT OTHER FORMS OF LIFE EXIST, THOUSANDS OF VARIETIES, AND MANY ARE SURELY FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN ANY OF THE CIVILIZATIONS WE'VE SEEN!

I GET IT! YOU KNOW, THEO -- SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO BE A **LOT DIFFERENT** FROM NOW ON!

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp
Lynbrook, New York

Dept. MA-80

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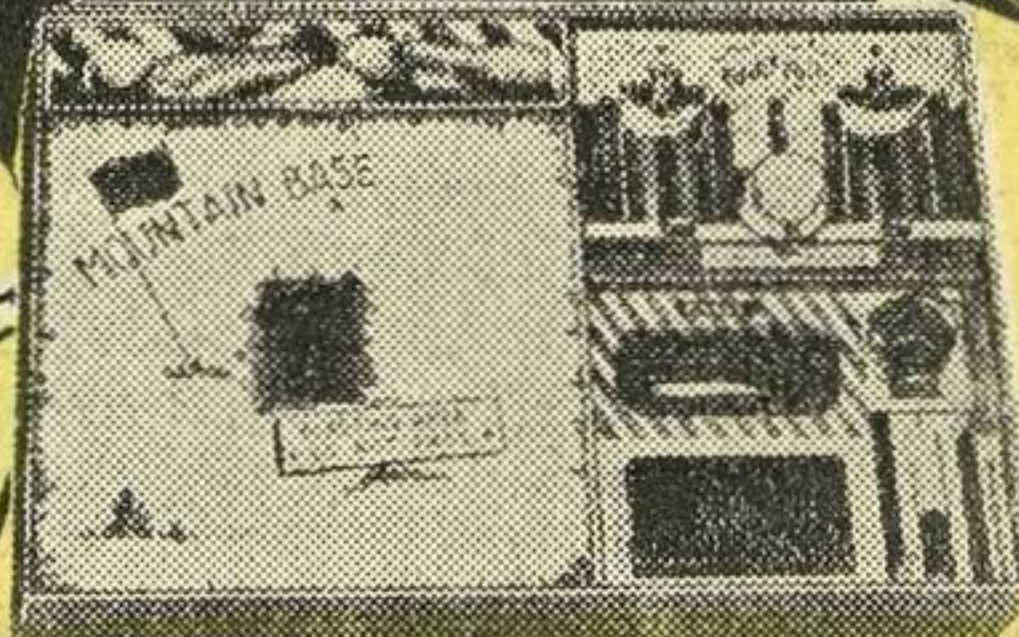


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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Dept. MX-81

Rush my Remote Control Demolition Kit at once. If I am not 100% delighted with the thrilling harmless explosions, I will return after 10 Day Free Trial for full refund of purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.98 plus 36c shipping charges. Same money back guarantee.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charges.

Name _____

Address _____

The GOLD MAKER

Anna Farnum was one of those things you see so rarely nowadays—a faithful servitor. For many years, she had served as companion and nurse of old Emilie Dubois. When Emilie had grown too poor to pay her, she had still stayed on, knowing that her mistress had need of her. And indeed Emilie had, for she had been growing feebler and more mentally confused with the passing of the years. She had one prized possession which she clung to fiercely—an old portrait of a 15th century Frenchman with a lean face, long beard and blazing eyes. She refused to tell who he was, but as she lay on her deathbed, she told Anna why.

"People—would laugh at me if I revealed—the truth," she gasped. "He—was a direct ancestor of mine—Raoul Dubois—and he had—powers. He was an alchemist, Anna. That means—he could make gold! He could even make it—out of dirt and stones—it's true! Promise—that no matter what happens to the rest of my possessions—you'll keep and guard his portrait!"

Anna promised, and old Emilie Dubois turned her face to the wall and died. She left nothing but debts, and it was necessary to put her few possessions up at auction to satisfy the demands of creditors. With tears in her eyes, Anna watched and listened as the bidding proceeded for the few meager possessions. The tears were not only for her dead mistress, but for herself as well—for where could she turn now? Her youth and strength had long since fled, and all she had in the world was fifty dollars, the last of old Emilie's money, which she had pressed upon Anna when she felt the imminence of death. The house, too, had been sold, and Anna would have to vacate on the next day, when the new owners would take possession.

And so, with her heart constricted within her, she watched the triumphant bidders taking possession of article after article. Now there was just one thing left—the portrait of Raoul Dubois, the ancient alchemist. The bidding had already reached \$45.00 when she had the strange sensation that the eyes in the portrait were looking deep into hers accusingly, as if to remind her of a broken promise. Wait a

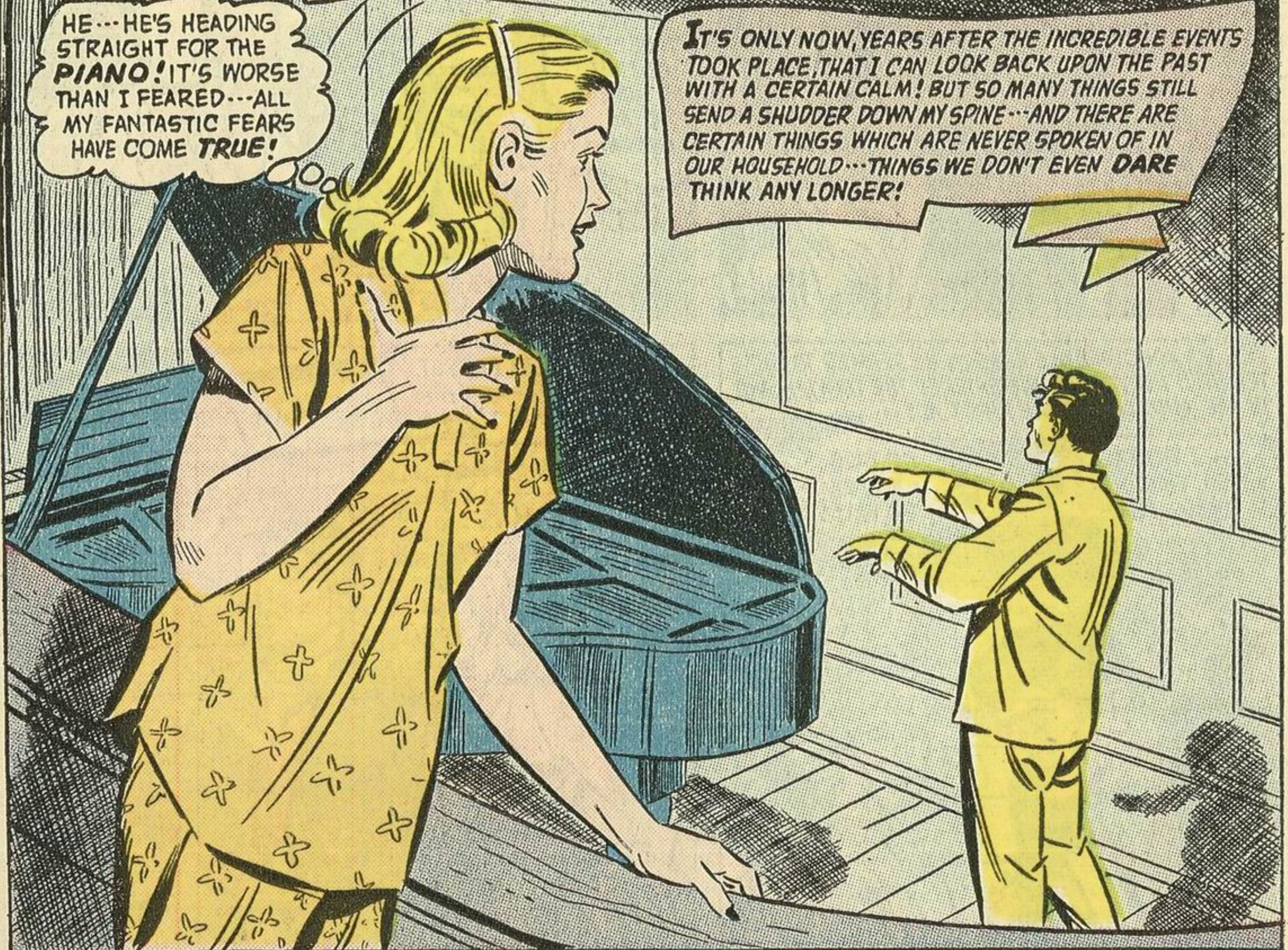
minute—hadn't she given her word to her dying mistress that she would keep and guard the painting? And so "*Fifty dollars!*" cried Anna—and received the gold-maker's portrait in exchange for the last and only money she had in the world.

Bitterly, she carried the painting into the ground floor cubicle she occupied—or would occupy for the last time this very night. She hung it on a hook in the direct sunlight from the window, and inspected her purchase. *Gold-maker*—what nonsense to believe that the old fake had ever had the power of converting dirt and stones into precious metal! But now it was hers to keep and guard, because she had promised.

Suddenly she heard a jeering laugh, and something struck the wall within inches of the old portrait. She whirled, to see the grinning faces of small boys outside, intent on tormenting her. They were hurling rocks and clods of earth at the painting—she had to stop them before they destroyed it—but how could she? There was only one thing to do—protect it with her own body. And this she did, flinching but standing her ground courageously as the missiles struck her. The boys, shamed, ran off, and Anna bitterly surveyed the heap of dirt and stones that now lay beneath the alchemist's portrait. She was bruised, weakened—she'd have to leave the cleaning-up job until the next day. Then she dropped face down onto the bed, sobbing brokenly as the significance of tomorrow hit home. It was then that she'd have to leave this house—a penniless wanderer.

It was a restless night for poor Anna—a night haunted with fears of what the morrow would bring. When she awoke next morning, it was to heartache. Well, she might as well get on with it. She rose, looked sadly towards the portrait. So *this* was all she had—the picture of a fake gold maker who claimed to have been able to make gold out of dirt and stones! What was that strange flashing from beneath the painting? Her eyes widened and she gasped unbelievably. For there, where the rocks and clods of earth which had been flung had lain, was a pile of shining yellow gold!

The PRODIGY!



HE... HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE **PIANO**! IT'S WORSE THAN I FEARED... ALL MY FANTASTIC FEARS HAVE COME **TRUE**!

IT'S ONLY NOW, YEARS AFTER THE INCREDIBLE EVENTS TOOK PLACE, THAT I CAN LOOK BACK UPON THE PAST WITH A CERTAIN CALM! BUT SO MANY THINGS STILL SEND A SHUDDER DOWN MY SPINE... AND THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS WHICH ARE NEVER SPOKEN OF IN OUR HOUSEHOLD... THINGS WE DON'T EVEN **DARE** THINK ANY LONGER!

IT ALL CONCERNS MY STRANGE, MYSTERY-HAUNTED HUSBAND! I REMEMBER THE FIRST MOMENT WE MET... VIVIDLY... BECAUSE WE HIT IT OFF SO FAST...



ALICE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET BOB FRANKLIN! BOB, THIS IS ALICE SIMMONS!

WOW! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT WHO'S THE MOST DESIRABLE GUY AT **THIS** PARTY!

IMMEDIATELY, IT WAS AS IF NO ONE ELSE WAS PRESENT...



TO THINK I ALMOST DIDN'T **COME** TO THIS SHINDIG!

WELL, I'M **AWFULLY** GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

A FEW MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT HE GLANCED AT HIS WATCH, AND I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING HOW PECULIAR HIS EXPRESSION WAS---AND THE STRANGE QUALITY OF HIS VOICE---

IN THREE MINUTES IT'LL BE JANUARY 27TH... MY BIRTHDAY! I HAVEN'T ENJOYED ONE SINCE I WAS 12 YEARS OLD---UNTIL NOW!



OUR COURTSHIP WAS BRIEF--- BUT LOOKING BACK NOW, I REMEMBER THINGS THAT PASSED UNNOTICED AT THE TIME! I'D GOTTEN US TICKETS TO AN OPERA---

WE'RE GOING TO SEE MOZART'S "THE MAGIC FLUTE"!... WHAT'S THE MATTER? ANYTHING WRONG?

NO, HONEY... BUT I... I WISH YOU'D CONSULT ME ABOUT THESE THINGS---



FOR NO ACCOUNTABLE REASON, HE SEEMED TO GET TERRIBLY NERVOUS AS WE ENTERED THE THEATRE, AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIRST ACT---

I... I DON'T FEEL WELL... I NEED... AIR...

OH, BOB... YOU'RE SO PALE!



HE WAS PALE AS A GHOST, AND TREMBLING AS IF WITH TERRIBLE FEAR---

WE'D BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

I... I'M ALL RIGHT NOW--- BUT WE'D BETTER SKIP THE REST OF THE PERFORMANCE!



I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE SEEMED SO TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED... NOR WOULD HE SPEAK ABOUT IT! IT WAS LATER THAT VERY NIGHT THAT HE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM---

IT'S SO LOVELY... I'M THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!

JUST ONE THING, HONEY... YOU'LL THINK IT CRAZY, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST KNOW!



HIS FACE WAS DRAWN, AS IF FROM ENORMOUS INNER TENSION---

IF YOU KNEW THAT I DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO LIVE, SAY ONLY 7 OR 8 YEARS... WOULD YOU STILL MARRY ME?

OF COURSE! DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU? BUT WHY DO YOU ASK--- IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEALTH?



NOT A THING, DARLING!



BOB WAS A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER AND OUR MARRIAGE WAS VERY HAPPY, EXCEPT FOR HIS OCCASIONAL TANTRUMS! AND ALWAYS HIS EXPLOSIONS WERE IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU DETEST THE PIANO SO MUCH, I'LL SEND IT BACK!

AT ONCE, DO YOU HEAR! I WON'T LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH ONE!

I TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THAT HE HATED MUSIC... THOUGH HE'D NEVER ADMIT IT! ABOUT A YEAR LATER, AT A MUSICAL SOIRÉE GIVEN BY ONE OF MY FRIENDS...

WE ARE FORTUNATE TO HAVE THE RENOWNED PIANIST FRANZ KLAUS WITH US! HE WILL PLAY A **MOZART SONATA**!

WONDERFUL!

EVERYONE WAS ENTHRALLED BY THE PERFORMANCE, EXCEPT BOB... WHO KEPT WHISPERING TO ME IRRITABLY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GUY? HE DOESN'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA OF WHAT MOZART WROTE INTO THE MUSIC!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... WILL YOU SHUT UP?

WE ALL APPLAUDED RAPTUROUSLY... ALL BUT ONE, THAT IS...

BRAVO!

NUTS!

YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE! WHO ARE YOU TO CRITICIZE? YOU DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT MUSIC!

CLAP CLAP

HIS FACE TURNED DARK WITH FURY! THEN, TO MY AMAZEMENT...

DO YOU MIND IF I PLAY?

WHY... OF COURSE NOT!

HE'S GONE MAD!

HE SAT DOWN AS IF FIGHTING A GREAT BATTLE WITH HIMSELF! HE FLEXED HIS FINGERS, DREW A LONG, STRANGLED BREATH...

EVERYONE'S STARING AT HIM... AND NO WONDER! HE'S MAKING A COMPLETE **FOOL** OF HIMSELF!

THEN, WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE, HE STRUCK THE FIRST POWERFUL CHORD! WE LOOKED AT HIM AGHAST AS HE LAUNCHED INTO A MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE OF THE SAME SONATA...

HE'S... **SUPERB!**

LIKE A MAN POSSESSED HE PLAYED ON...AND WHEN HE'D FINISHED...

MAGNIFICENT!
I TELL YOU, SIR, YOU
ARE THE GREATEST
PIANIST I HAVE
EVER HEARD!

PLEASE, LET ME
GO... I'VE GOT TO
...LEAVE...!

I STARED AT HIM, UNBELIEVING! LIKE A MANIAC HE FLUNG OUT OF THE HOUSE...FORGETTING ALL ABOUT ME! I FOUND HIM AT HOME, DEEP IN THOUGHT...

ALL RIGHT, MR. FRANKLIN...
YOU OWE ME AN **EXPLANATION!**
I'M LISTENING!

ALICE, IF YOU LOVE ME
YOU'LL NEVER BRING THIS
MATTER UP AGAIN! I
WANT TO FORGET IT...
COMPLETELY!

NOT LONG AFTER THAT WE VISITED BOB'S
SISTER IN CHICAGO...AND THE FIRST MOMENT
I WAS ALONE WITH HER...

YOU'VE GOT TO TELL
ME... WHY DOES BOB
REFUSE TO PLAY THE
PIANO? HE'S GOT
SUCH GENIUS!

I'D GIVE ANY-
THING TO KNOW
THE ANSWER TO
THAT MYSELF!

SHE WENT TO A CLOSET AND FETCHED
DOWN PILES OF OLD SCRAPBOOKS,
AND IT WAS THEN I HEARD AN
AMAZING STORY...

BOB WAS ONE
OF THE GREATEST
MUSICAL PRODIGES
EVER BORN! AT NINE
YEARS OLD HE WAS
TOURING THE
COUNTRY...A
BORN GENIUS!

AND HE...
NEVER SAID
A WORD TO
ME ABOUT IT!

THE YELLOWING NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS
STUNNED ME...

AMERICAN PRODIGY
RIVALS MOZART

EVERYONE WAS
COMPARING HIM TO
MOZART... WHO'D
BEEN THE GREATEST
OF ALL PRODIGES!

AND THEN, FOR NO
ACCOUNTABLE REASON,
ON HIS 12TH BIRTHDAY, BOB
THREW AN AWFUL TANTRUM,
FELL INTO A FAINT...AND
WHEN HE RECOVERED, HE
REFUSED TO TOUCH THE
PIANO EVER AGAIN! HE
NEVER EXPLAINED
WHY!

I RECALLED THEN BOB'S STATEMENT THE NIGHT WE MET THAT HE
HADN'T ENJOYED A BIRTHDAY SINCE THE AGE OF 12! I TRIED ONCE
MORE TO GET INFORMATION...

I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN** SIS
WOULD SHOW YOU THOSE SCRAP-
BOOKS! ONCE AND FOR ALL, I
WON'T DISCUSS IT...AND I
FORBID YOU TO BRING
IT UP!

HE'S SO SWEET USUALLY
...BUT ON THIS SUBJECT,
HE'S LIKE A **WILD
MAN!**

THE FOLLOWING YEARS WERE WONDERFUL, WITH NO DISTURBING INCIDENTS! BUT ONE NIGHT, WITHOUT WARNING, HE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS RETIRING FROM BUSINESS... THAT FROM THEN ON, WE WERE GOING TO LIVE ONE LONG SPREE...

YOU...YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! RETIRING...AT 35?

MY MIND'S MADE UP! WE'RE GOING TO EUROPE...



LIKE A MAN WHO DOESN'T HAVE LONG TO LIVE, BOB INSISTED ON HAVING A FLING! I WAS UNABLE TO DETER HIM, SO OFF WE WENT TO PARIS...AND THINGS GOT MORE FRANTIC BY THE MINUTE...

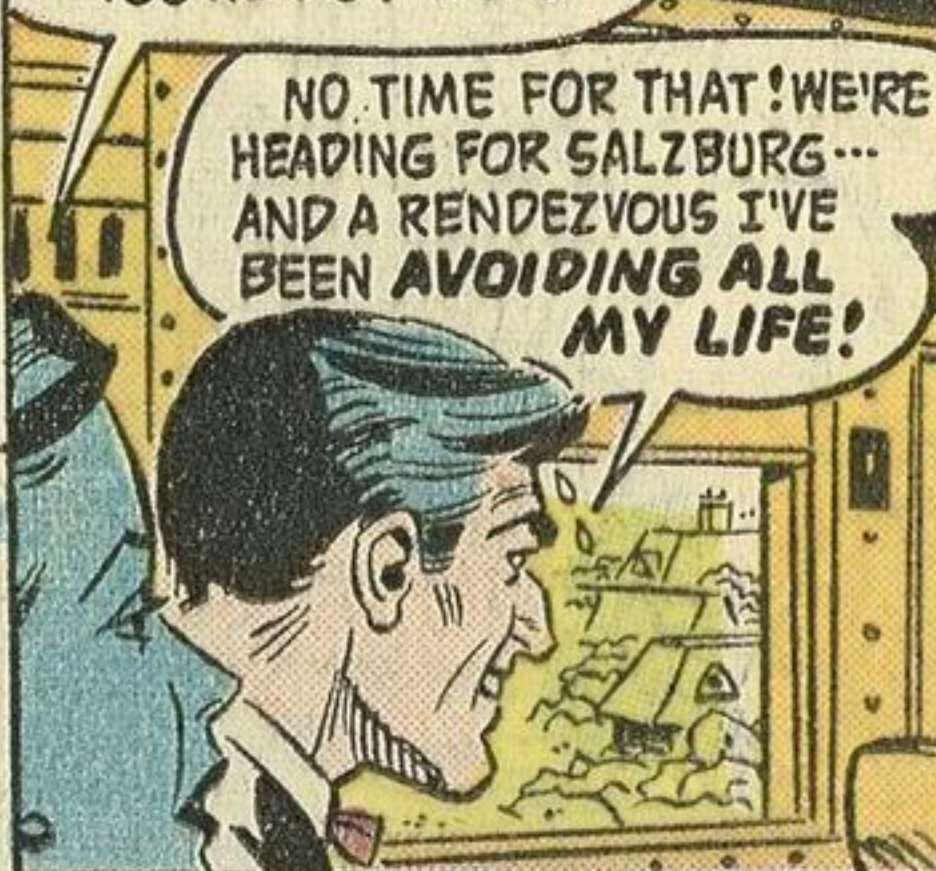


C'MON, LET'S NOT ADMIRE THE VIEW ALL DAY! THERE'S MORE TO SEE!

BUT WE JUST GOT HERE! OH, ALL RIGHT...THERE'S NO SENSE ARGUING WHEN YOU'RE THIS WAY!

I WAS EXHAUSTED QUICKLY BY OUR HECTIC TOUR, BUT LESS SO THAN BOB, WHO SEEMED ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! WHEN WE CROSSED THE AUSTRIAN BORDER...

YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE A DOCTOR, DARLING...YOU'RE NOT WELL...



NO TIME FOR THAT! WE'RE HEADING FOR SALZBURG... AND A RENDEZVOUS I'VE BEEN AVOIDING ALL MY LIFE!

WHAT DID HE MEAN? WHAT DID HE EXPECT TO FIND IN SALZBURG? WHEN WE ARRIVED...



WHY ARE YOU STARING AT THAT HOUSE SO INTENTLY? WHAT'S SO SPECIAL?

IT'S WHERE MOZART WAS BORN! COME ON...LET'S GO IN...

THE MOMENT WE ENTERED, BOB BEGAN TO TREMBLE AND STARE ABOUT WILDLY! THE PLACE WAS PRESERVED AS A MUSEUM, AND ALL AT ONCE I BEGAN TO FEEL AN OVERPOWERING DREAD...



MOZART PLAYED ON THIS VERY PIANO, AND ON THE WALL ARE SCORES IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING!

THIS PLACE TERRIFIES ME...BUT WHY?

OUR VISIT WAS SHORT, AND THEN WE HURRIED ON TO VIENNA, WHERE WE TOOK A LARGE HOUSE...



WHY THIS...WHEN WE COULD HAVE GONE TO A HOTEL?

BECAUSE WE'RE STAYING IN VIENNA...INDEFINITELY!

I DISLIKED THE OLD AND GLOOMY MANSION...BUT KNEW THAT ARGUMENT WAS USELESS! SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, I WAS SUDDENLY AWAKENED FROM SLEEP...



SOMEONE'S PLAYING THE PIANO BELOW! GOOD HEAVENS, BOB'S NOT IN HIS BED!



I HURRIED BELOW, TO FACE A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE...

HE...HE'S PLAYING IN HIS SLEEP... STARING! HE'S... **COMPOSING** SOMETHING!



AN HOUR AFTER...

NOW HE'S GOING BACK TO BED! POOR BOB...WHAT CAN THIS ALL MEAN?



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THE ORDEAL CONTINUED, AND EACH MORNING HE WOKE WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT I HEARD THE PIANO PLAYING LAST NIGHT!

YOU MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT! I SLEPT LIKE A LOG!

MEANWHILE, I'D BEEN COLLECTING THE SHEETS OF THE COMPOSITION HE WAS WRITING...WHICH SOUNDED VAGUELY FAMILIAR! SUMMONING UP MY COURAGE, I TOOK THEM TO AN EXPERT...

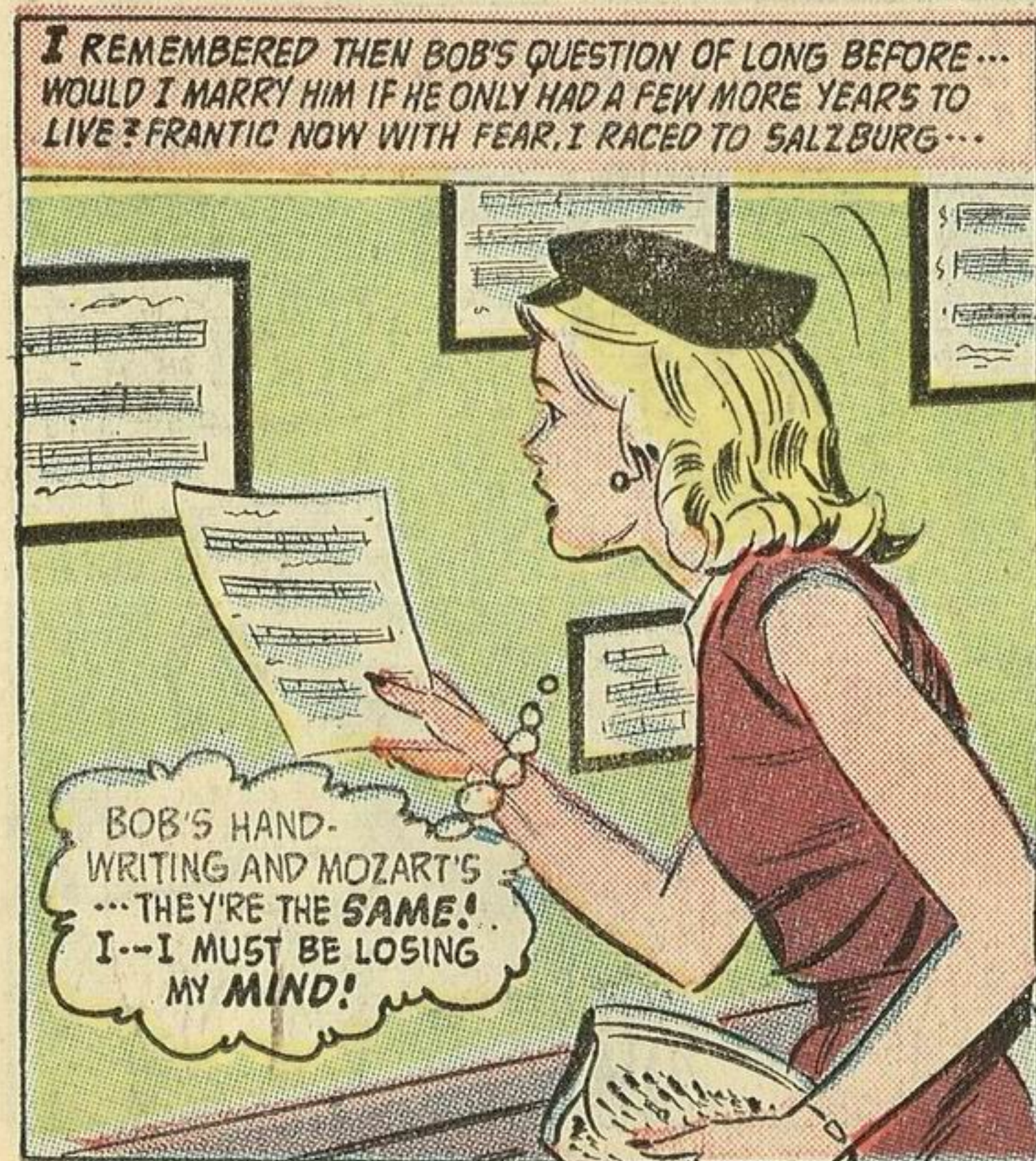
AH YES, IT'S UNMISTAKABLE! IT'S THE GREAT MOZART'S LAST WORK... THIS **REQUIEM MASS** FOR A DEPARTED SOUL!

WHAT?

SOMETHING SEEMED TO EXPLODE IN MY BRAIN! A WILD GLIMMERING OF THE TRUTH BEGAN TAKING SHAPE...

MOZART WROTE IT JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH! POOR CHAP, HE WAS ONLY 35!

THAT'S HOW OLD BOB IS! GOOD HEAVENS, IT IS POSSIBLE THAT...?



I REMEMBERED THEN BOB'S QUESTION OF LONG BEFORE... WOULD I MARRY HIM IF HE ONLY HAD A FEW MORE YEARS TO LIVE? FRANTIC NOW WITH FEAR, I RACED TO SALZBURG...

BOB'S HAND-WRITING AND MOZART'S...THEY'RE THE SAME! I...I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!



NOW I CONFRONTED BOB, TOLD HIM WHAT I HAD LEARNED! GONE WAS HIS RESISTANCE, HE CRUMBLLED LIKE A LITTLE BOY...

YES...IT'S TRUE! EVER SINCE I WAS 12, I'VE KNOWN THAT SOMEHOW...**MOZART AND I ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON!**

TELL ME EVERYTHING, DARLING... EVERYTHING!

TREMBLING WITH AGITATION, HE SPOKE...

AS A CHILD PRODIGY, EVERYBODY WAS COMPARING ME WITH MOZART...WHO'D BEEN THE GREATEST PRODIGY OF THEM ALL! CURIOUS, I DID A LOT OF READING ON MOZART'S LIFE...AND DISCOVERED THAT WE WERE **BOTH BORN ON THE SAME DATE...** JANUARY 27TH!



WHEN I WAS 12, I SUDDENLY LEARNED THAT OUR **HANDWRITINGS WERE IDENTICAL...** AND EVEN THOUGH I WAS JUST A KID, THE AWFUL TRUTH WAS CLEAR! YOU SEE, MOZART DIED AT 35, AND SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT MINE WOULD BE THE SAME FATE! I'VE DONE EVERYTHING TO AVERT IT...BUT IT'S USELESS!

NO, DON'T SAY THAT!



I TRIED TO DRIVE THE IDEA FROM HIS MIND, BUT HE WAS CONVINCED...

DON'T YOU **SEE**? I'VE BEEN WRITING A MASS FOR MYSELF...JUST AS MOZART DID! THE AGONY WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER, DARLING...IT'LL ALL BE OVER ON **DECEMBER 5TH**, THE DATE OF MOZART'S DEATH! JUST A FEW MORE DAYS...

BOB, OH BOB! THIS **CAN'T** BE TRUE! IT **CAN'T**!



AS THE FATAL DAY APPROACHED, BOB BECAME CALM, RESIGNED! I CALLED IN A DOCTOR...

CAN'T YOU DO **ANYTHING**? HE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM, MAKING OUT HIS WILL...

I'M HELPLESS, MADAME! HE'S IN PERFECT HEALTH, BUT IF HE DEEPLY BELIEVES THAT HE WILL DIE ON DECEMBER 5TH, IT CAN **HAPPEN...** BECAUSE THE POWER OF THE MIND IS IRRESISTIBLE!



WITH SHATTERED NERVES, I FACED THE FINAL ORDEAL! DECEMBER 5TH ARRIVED...

DON'T JUST SIT THERE LIKE THAT, DARLING...IT **TERRIFIES** ME!

LEAVE ME IN PEACE, ALICE... I WANT TO BE CALM...AT THE **END!**



THE HOURS PASSED GRIMLY! THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...

M-MY HEART...IT'S POUNDING!

DOCTOR... QUICKLY!



BAD...VERY BAD! THESE PALPITATIONS MAY BE THE BEGINNING OF A HEART ATTACK!

I...KNEW...IT! FATE...WON'T BE...DENIED!



A TERRIBLE SHRIEK BURST FROM MY LIPS, AND THEN...

OH-HHHHHH!

ALICE!

GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR? WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HER?

OTHER DOCTORS WERE CALLED IN IMMEDIATELY...

IT'S A BRAIN STROKE... SHE WON'T LAST MORE THAN A FEW HOURS!

BOB... BOB? HOLD MY HAND... I... I'M FRIGHTENED...

THE DOCTORS THEORIZED THAT I'D COLLAPSED UNDER OVER-POWERING FEAR! I CLUNG TO BOB'S HAND FIERCELY AS THE HOURS PASSED...

SAVE HER... PLEASE! SHE'S SO YOUNG, SO BEAUTIFUL...

WE'RE HELPLESS! SHE'LL ONLY LAST A FEW MORE MINUTES...

THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE IN THE ROOM AS THE CLOCK TOLLED MIDNIGHT! AS THE LAST STROKE ECHOED IN THE CHAMBER...

BONG! BONG!

IT'S A NEW DAY... **YIPPEE!**

WHAT THE...!

IT WORKED!

AS BOB GASPED, I EXPLAINED THE HOAX WHICH THE DOCTORS AND I HAD AGREED UPON...

DON'T YOU SEE? THE WHOLE IDEA WAS TO **GET YOUR MIND OFF YOURSELF!** THINKING THAT I WAS DYING, YOU FORGOT YOUR **OWN FEARS!** NOW THAT DECEMBER 5TH HAS COME AND GONE, IT'S BEEN **PROVEN** THAT YOUR DESTINY COULD BE AVERTED! YOU'RE SAFE NOW, DARLING... NOTHING CAN HURT YOU!

YOU CAN GO BACK TO A NORMAL LIFE NOW, SIR! AS FOR **MUSIC**, YOU'D BETTER AVOID IT... IT WOULD REALLY BE TOO HARD ON YOUR NERVES!

DON'T WORRY, DOC... I'LL BE OKAY **NOW!**

YES, THOUGH IT ALL HAPPENED YEARS AGO, AND THOUGH WE'RE SAFE AND HAPPY NOW, WE STILL SHUDDER WHEN MOZART'S NAME IS MENTIONED... OR WHEN A STRAIN OF HIS MUSIC COMES TO OUR EARS!

The END!

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From **YOUR EDITOR** to **YOU!**

Hello, all of you wonderful "Forbidden Worlds" fans! Once more, your Editor brings you this special readers' page—your own department where you can meet with other fans and really kick things around! This month, we have a novelty for you, in that the letters reproduced below are all from readers residing in foreign countries. It's nice to know what people on the other side of the world or in adjoining countries think of us, you know. It's nice to know what *you* think, too, so send *your* letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. But let's get with it!

"Dear Editor:-

I think that 'Forbidden Worlds' is the best magazine on the stands. Your November issue was tops. 'The Explorers' was the most imaginative story I've read in a long time. But the February issue wasn't up to your usual standard. Personally, I'd rather read outer space stories than those at the bottom of the sea. But keep up the good work—I wouldn't miss your magazine for anything!

—V. Longard, Halifax, Canada"

Thanks for your compliments—and also for telling us that you think we fell down in our February issue. We can only improve by knowing these things. How do you other readers feel about science fiction vs. regulation weird stories?

"Dear Editor:-

Please excuse my mistakes in writing in English, but I had to tell you how much I like 'Forbidden Worlds'. The stories are so fascinating that I have told all my friends about them, and now quite a few Parisians are reading your fine magazine.

—Henri Charpentier, Paris, France"

There were no mistakes in your letter, Monsieur Charpentier—and no mistake, we hope, in liking our favorite magazine!

"Dear Editor:-

Just a line to let you know that you've got a new reader. I stopped buying comics many years ago, when they got too violent, and I hadn't realized that a new day has

dawned. Your stories are magnificent—how do I go about subscribing to 'Forbidden Worlds'?

—James Kelly, Paisley, Scotland"

Our Circulation Department is sending you information on subscriptions. Welcome, new reader!

"Dear Editor:-

We people here in Australia first learned about American comics magazines when the Yanks were here during the war. Quite a lot of our populace reads them, and I've noticed that 'Forbidden Worlds' is quite a favorite. I have just read my first copy and I think it's terrible. Impossible stories such as you print can only do harm—I dare you to print that!

—Hendrick Chipps, Sydney, Australia"

We'll take your dare! You're completely entitled to your opinion, but tell us—who was ever harmed by stories just because they're exciting and challenging? Goodbye, Mr. Chipps . . .

"Dear Editor:-

I am a great fan of your 'Forbidden Worlds'. It's the most thrilling, exciting comic book I've ever read!

—John Collings,
Wirral-Cheshire, England"

That's music to our ears, John. But if ever we fall down—let us know!

"Dear Editor:-

I like the stories you publish in 'Forbidden Worlds', but I must write to tell you my opinion of the pictures. I think your illustration is terrible. It is the worst art I have ever seen—can't you improve it?

—R. Neumark, Rotterdam, Netherlands"

There's nothing that can't be improved—including our illustration. But remember that the purpose of our pictures is to tell stories—exciting, imaginative stories. Ours isn't art museum stuff—we've got our own job to do!

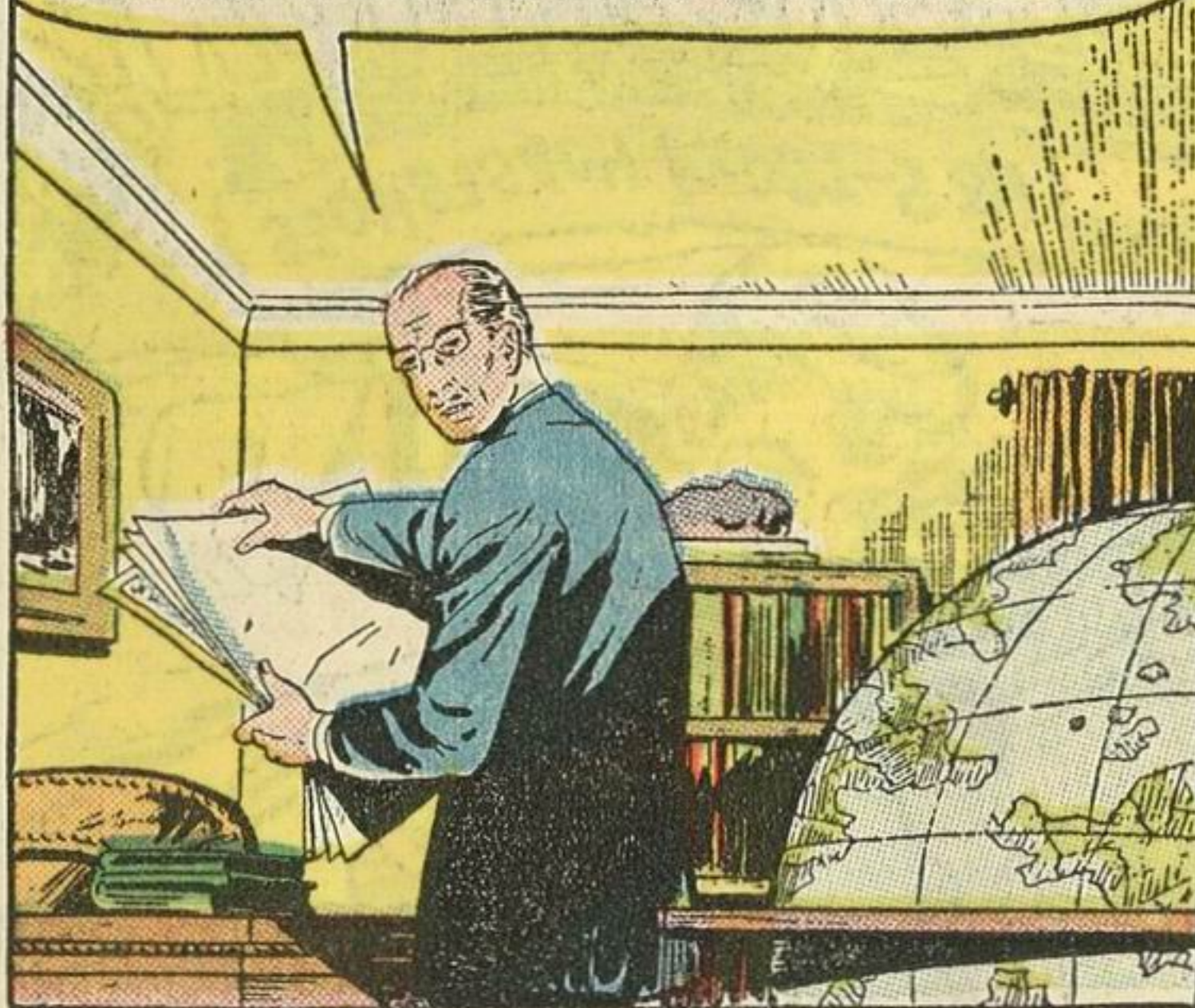


**AT THE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH...
DR. ORIN BLAKELY, CURATOR, SPEAKS...**

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING SUBJECTS I KNOW IS THE ORIGIN OF THE **SUPERSTITIONS** WHICH SO MANY OF US HAVE! IN THIS ISSUE, LET'S DISCUSS THE WIDESPREAD BELIEF IN **LUCKY HORSESHOES!**

HERE---TAKE A LOOK AT ONE! THERE ISN'T MUCH HERE THAT WOULD INDICATE **GOOD LUCK**, IS THERE? AND YET, PEOPLE HAVE HELD THIS OPINION FOR MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS OUT OF THE THOUSANDS DURING WHICH THEY'VE BEEN USED!

HOW DID THE SUPERSTITION GET ITS **START**? MAYBE IN A REVERSE SORT OF WAY, AS YOU'LL LEARN FROM THE VERSION I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT! YOU'VE ALL HEARD THE STORY ABOUT HOW, FOR WANT OF A SHOE, A BATTLE WAS LOST---



"IT WAS A MAJOR BATTLE, AND IT HAD RAGED FOR DAYS WHEN--"

THE FIGHTING GOES AGAINST US! RIDE LIKE THE WIND... SUMMON CLATOLIUS AND HIS REINFORCEMENTS! REACH THEM IN TIME AND THEY'LL SAVE US!

MY STEED IS SWIFT... I'LL REACH HIM IN TIME, I SWEAR IT!



THE YOUNG OFFICER WAS SURE OF SUCCESS AS HE SPURRED HIS MOUNT OVER THE MILES---

IF ONLY THEY CAN HOLD UNTIL I RETURN WITH CLATOLIUS AND HIS FORCE... VICTORY WILL **STILL** BE OURS!

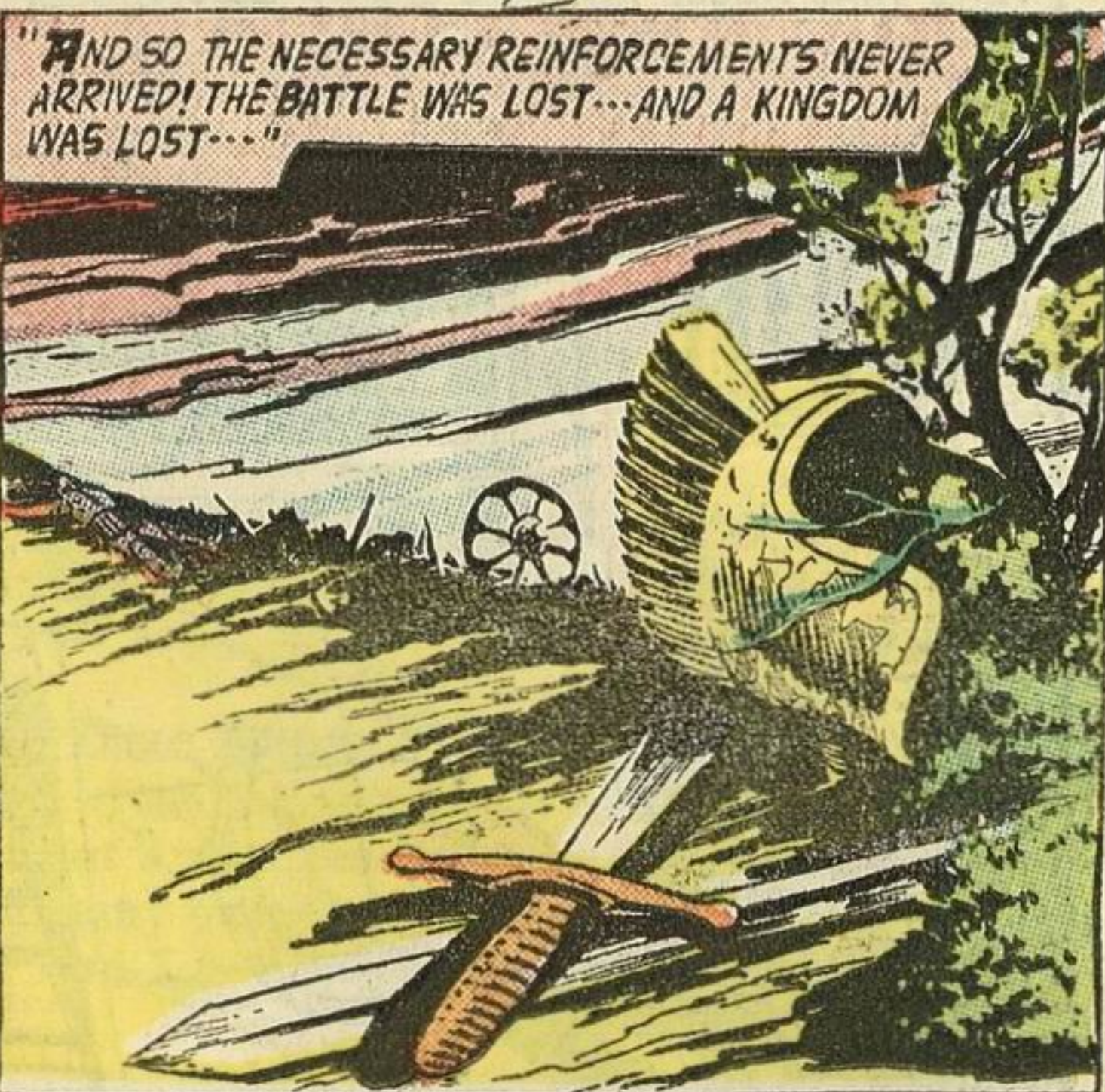


"BUT SUDDENLY, THE HORSE PULLED UP LAME! INVESTIGATION REVEALED--"

HE... HE'S LOST A SHOE! THAT MEANS... I CAN NEVER GET THERE ON TIME---



"AND SO THE NECESSARY REINFORCEMENTS NEVER ARRIVED! THE BATTLE WAS LOST... AND A KINGDOM WAS LOST--"

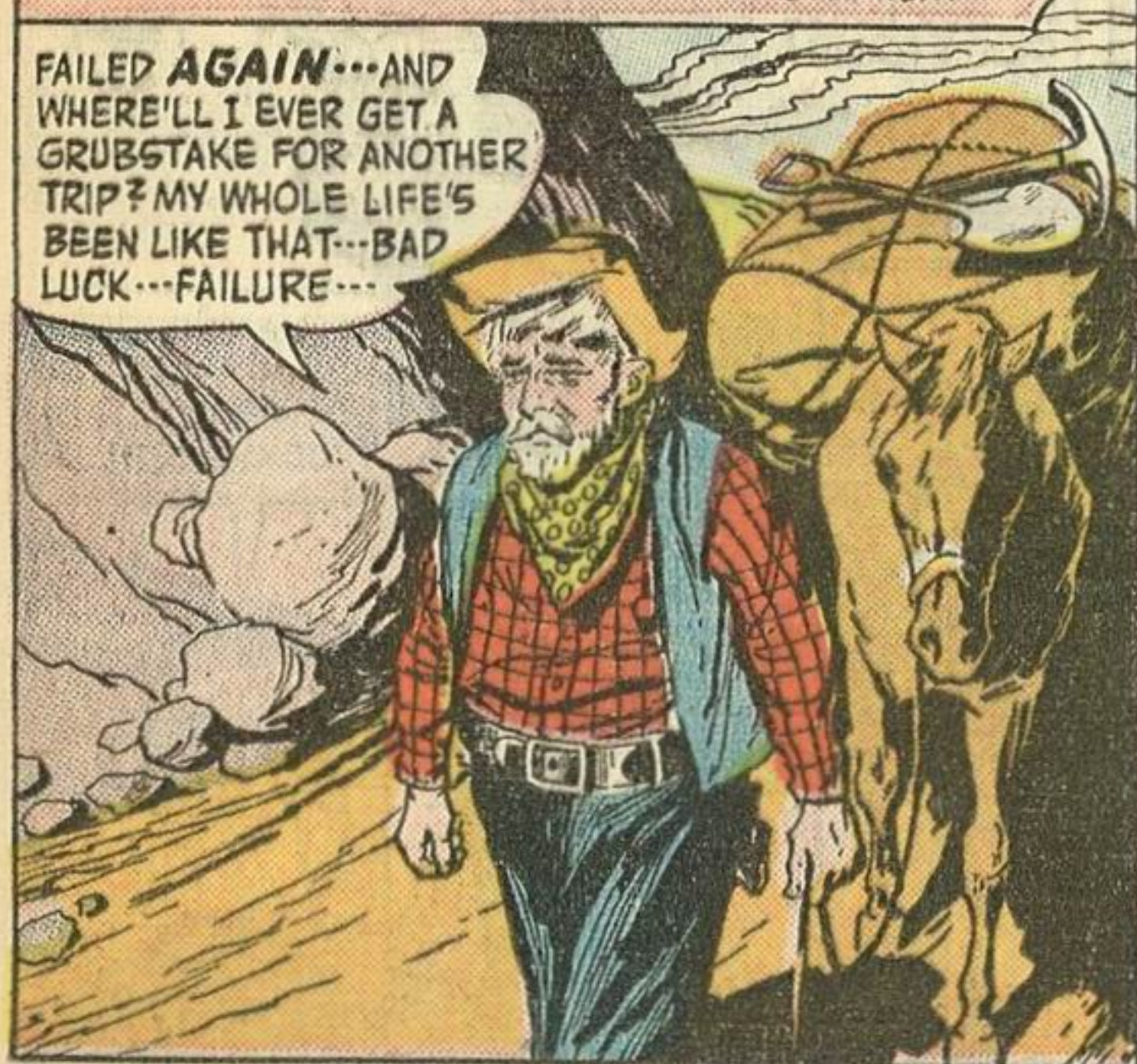


GET THE REVERSE TWIST? IF THEY'D **HAD** THE MISSING HORSESHOE, THE REINFORCEMENTS WOULD HAVE BEEN SUMMONED, THE BATTLE WON AND THE KINGDOM SAVED! AND THE HORSESHOE SURE WOULD HAVE BEEN **LUCKY**! BUT NOW LET'S LOOK INTO ANOTHER VERSION OF THE ORIGIN OF THE HORSESHOE SUPERSTITION!



"IT WAS BACK IN 1877...AS JOE DOBEY, AN OLD PROSPECTOR, RETURNED FROM ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL GOLD HUNT..."

FAILED AGAIN...AND WHERE'LL I EVER GET A GRUBSTAKE FOR ANOTHER TRIP? MY WHOLE LIFE'S BEEN LIKE THAT...BAD LUCK...FAILURE...



"WHEN HIS HORSE CAST A SHOE, IT SEEMED LIKE JUST ANOTHER IRRITANT! HE REPLACED IT...HURLING AWAY THE OLD, WORN ONE..."

DON'T HAVE ANY NEED FOR THIS!



"THE DISCARDED HORSESHOE STRUCK A NEARBY OUTCROPPING OF ROCK AND BROKE OFF A PIECE, REVEALING..."

HEY...WHAT'S THAT?



"YES...THE HORSESHOE, SO IT IS SAID, WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FINDING OF THE FABULOUS DOBEY LODE..."

I'M RICH... RICH!



"STILL ANOTHER VERSION OF THE LUCKY HORSESHOE STORY CONCERNED FRED WHEATLEY OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO WAS A HORSESHOE PITCHING CHAMPION AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY..."

YOU'RE OFF FORM, FRED...THAT'S TWO SHOES THAT ROLLED INTO TALL GRASS!

HOPE I FIND 'EM!



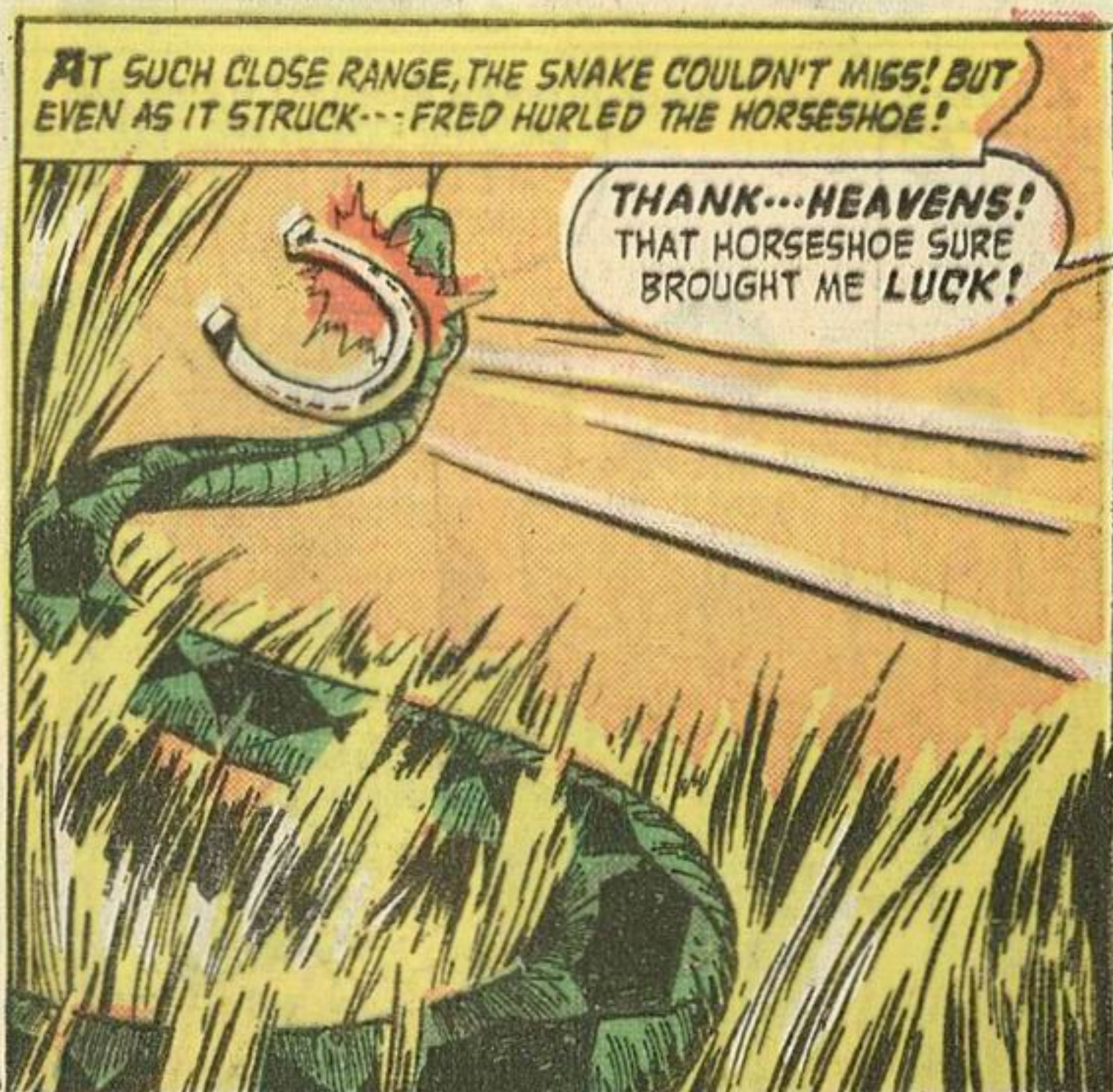
HE FOUND ONE WITHOUT DIFFICULTY...BUT SEARCHING FOR THE SECOND, HE SUDDENLY CAME UPON...

HOLY HANNAH... A RATTLER!



AT SUCH CLOSE RANGE, THE SNAKE COULDN'T MISS! BUT EVEN AS IT STRUCK...FRED HURLED THE HORSESHOE!

THANK...HEAVENS! THAT HORSESHOE SURE BROUGHT ME LUCK!



"NOW, HERE'S A STORY THAT DOESN'T TRY TO GIVE THE **ORIGIN** OF THE SUPERSTITION, BUT MERELY STRIVES TO PROVE THAT HORSESHOES **ARE** LUCKY! ALAN BRENTWOOD OF DES MOINES WAS KNOWN FOR THE VALUE OF HIS STAMP COLLECTION..."

THAT SAFE ISN'T TOO MUCH PROTECTION, ALAN! IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO THAT COLLECTION OF YOURS, IT WOULD NOT ONLY BE A BIG FINANCIAL LOSS, BUT IT WOULD BREAK YOUR HEART!

I'VE BEEN LUCKY SO FAR... AND JUST TO KEEP ON STAYING LUCKY...

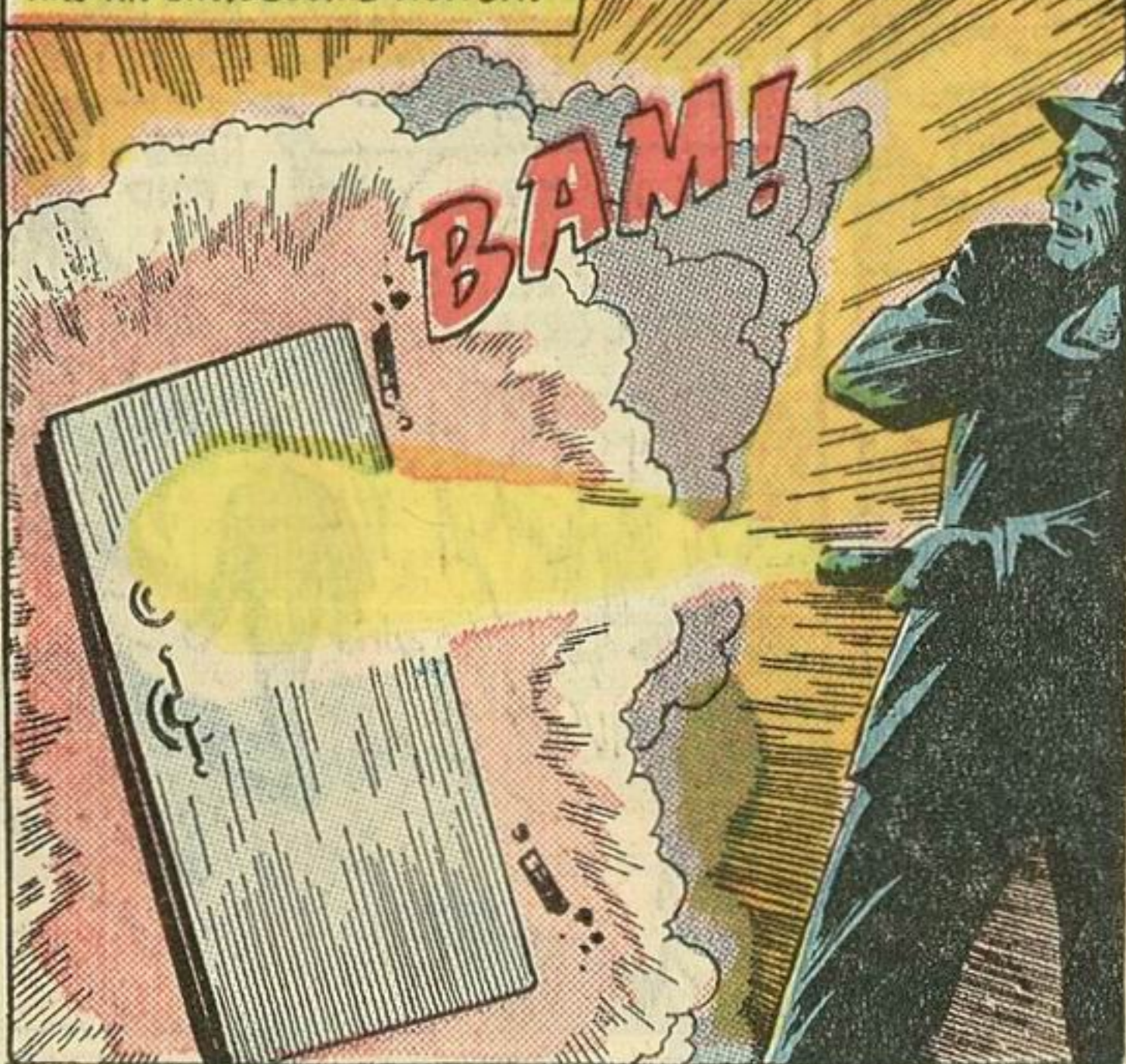


...I'LL NAIL UP THIS HORSESHOE I FOUND!

IT'S A BIG ONE... MUST HAVE COME FROM A TRUCKHORSE!



"ALAN WAS OUT LATE THAT NIGHT...NOT KNOWING THAT HE HAD AN UNWELCOME VISITOR!"



"BUT THE EXPLOSION DISLODGED THE HORSESHOE...AND..."



"LATER..."

THAT'S RIGHT...I FOUND HIM UNCONSCIOUS IN FRONT OF THE SAFE WHEN I GOT BACK! YOU CAN'T TELL **ME** HORSESHOES AREN'T **LUCKY**!



WELL...THAT'S IT, READER...THE HORSESHOE STORIES REVEALED BY OUR RESEARCH! IT'S A HARMLESS BELIEF, SO YOU CAN GO RIGHT ON COLLECTING HORSESHOES...AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU AND REALIZE THAT IT'S **JUST ANOTHER SUPERSTITION!**



THE END!

IN THE BEGINNING, ALL HAL THORNTON HAD TO GO BY WERE VAGUE, STRANGE FEELINGS...FEELINGS WHICH SCOFFERS CALLED DELUSIONS, HALLUCINATIONS! BUT THE SCOFFERS COULD ONLY FALL SILENT AS THE AMAZING EVENTS DEVELOPED, AS EACH DAY BROUGHT HAL CLOSER TO THE MYSTERIOUS HEART OF...

The ENIGMA of EDITH!



ON A NEW YORK BEACH, A CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKED, AND WITH THAT BEGAN ONE OF THE STRANGEST AND MOST EXTRAORDINARY MYSTERIES IN THE ANNALS OF MEDICINE AND THE OCCULT...



I AM PROFESSOR JONATHAN WELLES! I HAVE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO STUDYING THE OCCULT! THE CASE OF HAL THORNTON PERHAPS BEGAN FIVE YEARS BEFORE THAT CAMERA CLICKED...



THORNTON'S YOUNG WIFE, EDITH, WAS FLYING TO SAN FRANCISCO FROM HAWAII, WHERE SHE'D BEEN VISITING HER PARENTS! DURING A SEVERE STORM, AN ENGINE CAUGHT FIRE...

WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!



THE DISASTER TOOK PLACE NOT FAR FROM THE U.S. COASTLINE! NAVY PLANES SCoured THE AREA FOR A WEEK---

PLENTY OF WRECKAGE, BUT NO SURVIVORS!



NO SURVIVORS! IT WAS A GRIM FACT THE YOUNG HUSBAND IN NEW YORK COULDN'T ACCEPT...

EDITH... GONE! I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... IT'S NOT TRUE!

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, HAL... YOU'VE GOT TO FACE IT!



TIME BROUGHT NO RELIEF! HE KEPT HOPING, BELIEVING THAT SOMEHOW EDITH WOULD TURN UP---

I CAN FEEL HER PRESENCE NEARBY SOMETIMES! IT'S AS IF SHE'S WITH ME... TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME...

STOP IT, HAL... STOP TORTURING YOURSELF!



HIS SKEPTICAL FRIENDS BEGAN WORRYING ABOUT HIS STATE OF MIND, FOR HAL'S INTUITIONS GREW EVER STRONGER---

I... I KNOW YOU'RE HERE, DARLING... I CAN FEEL YOUR PRESENCE! SPEAK TO ME... SHOW YOURSELF!



GROWING EVER MORE NERVOUS, HE CONSULTED HIS DOCTOR---

YOU'RE THE VICTIM OF AN OBSESSION, MY BOY! DRIVE THIS THOUGHT FROM YOUR MIND OR YOU'RE HEAD-ING FOR A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

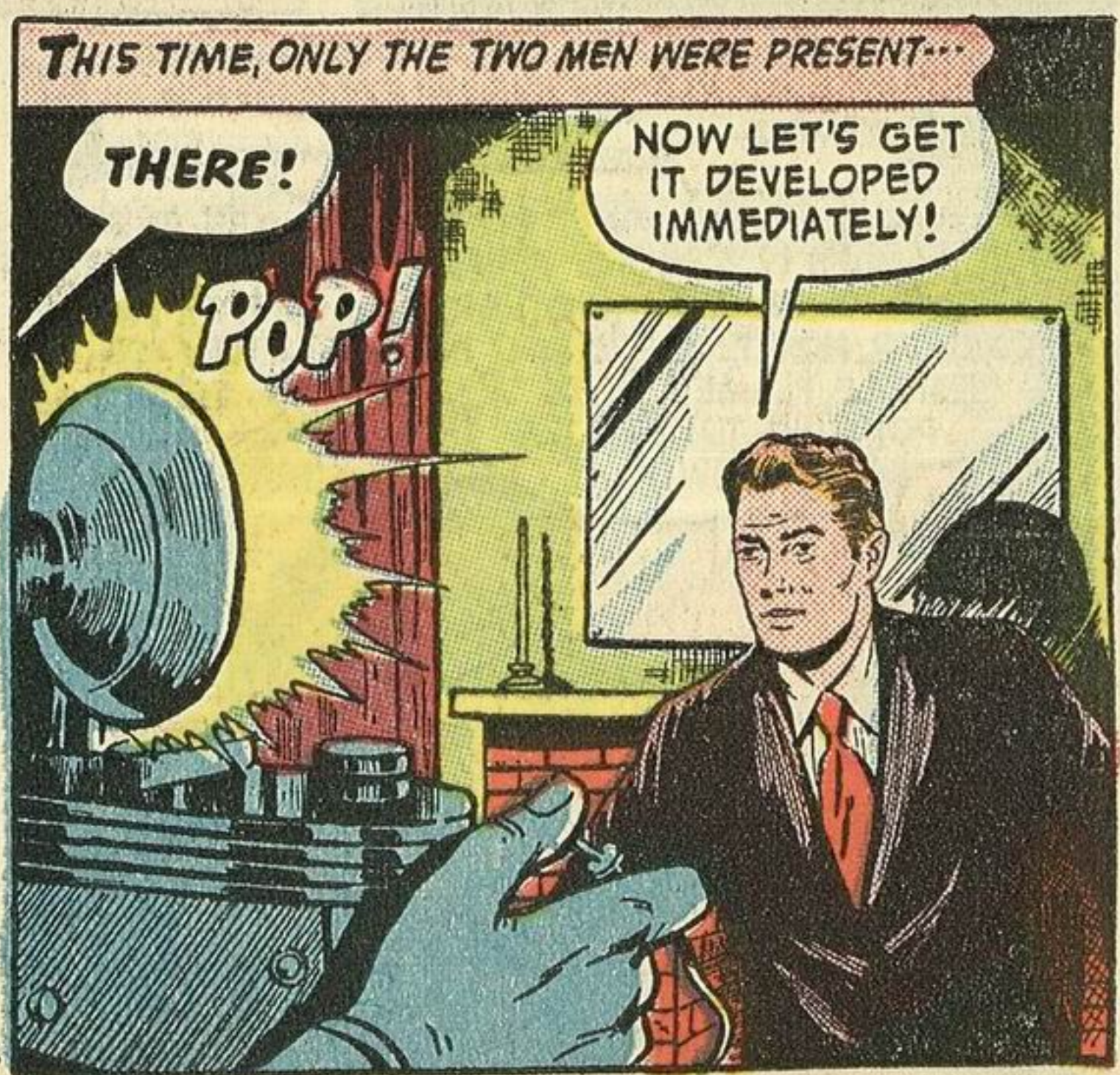
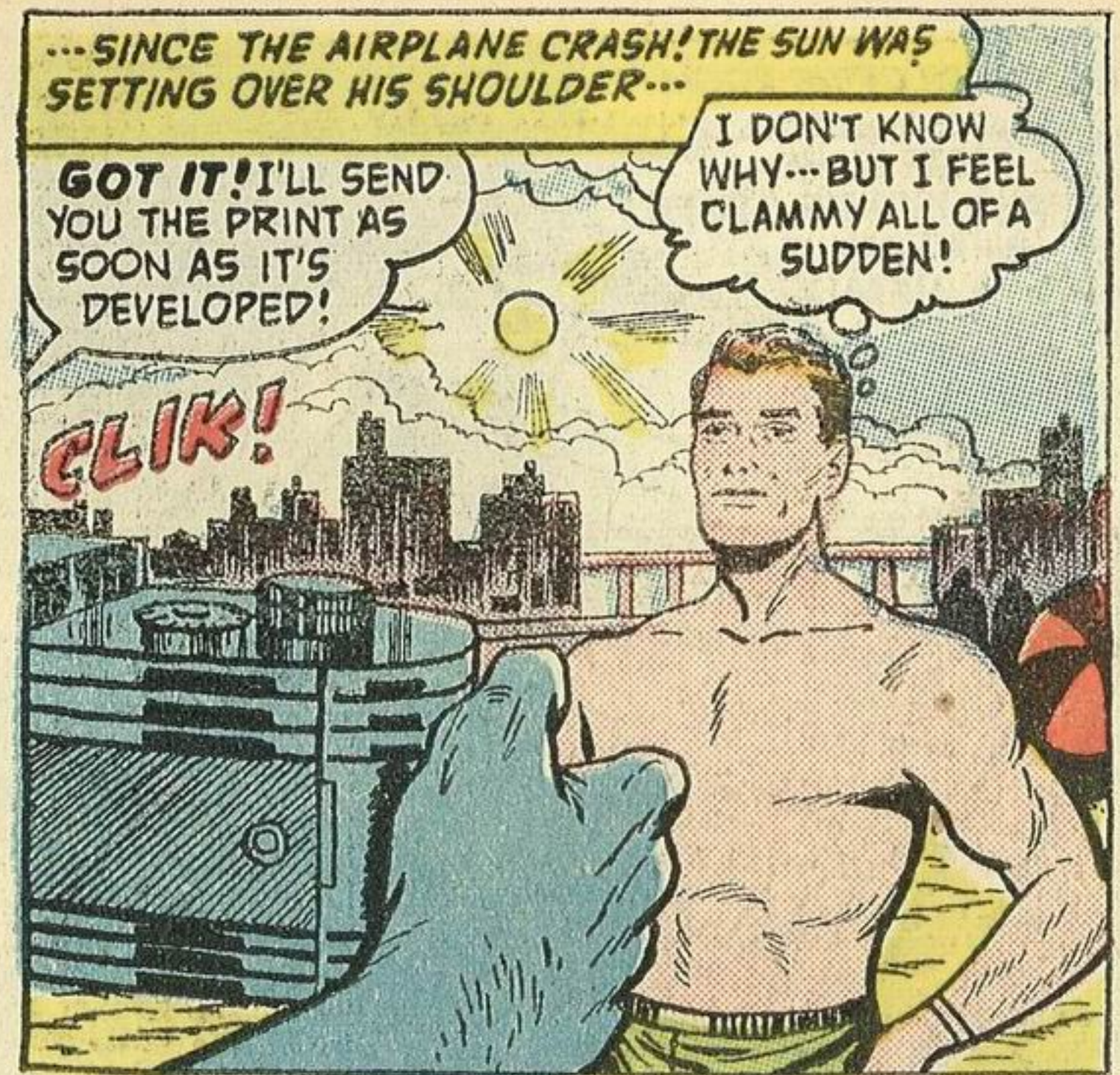
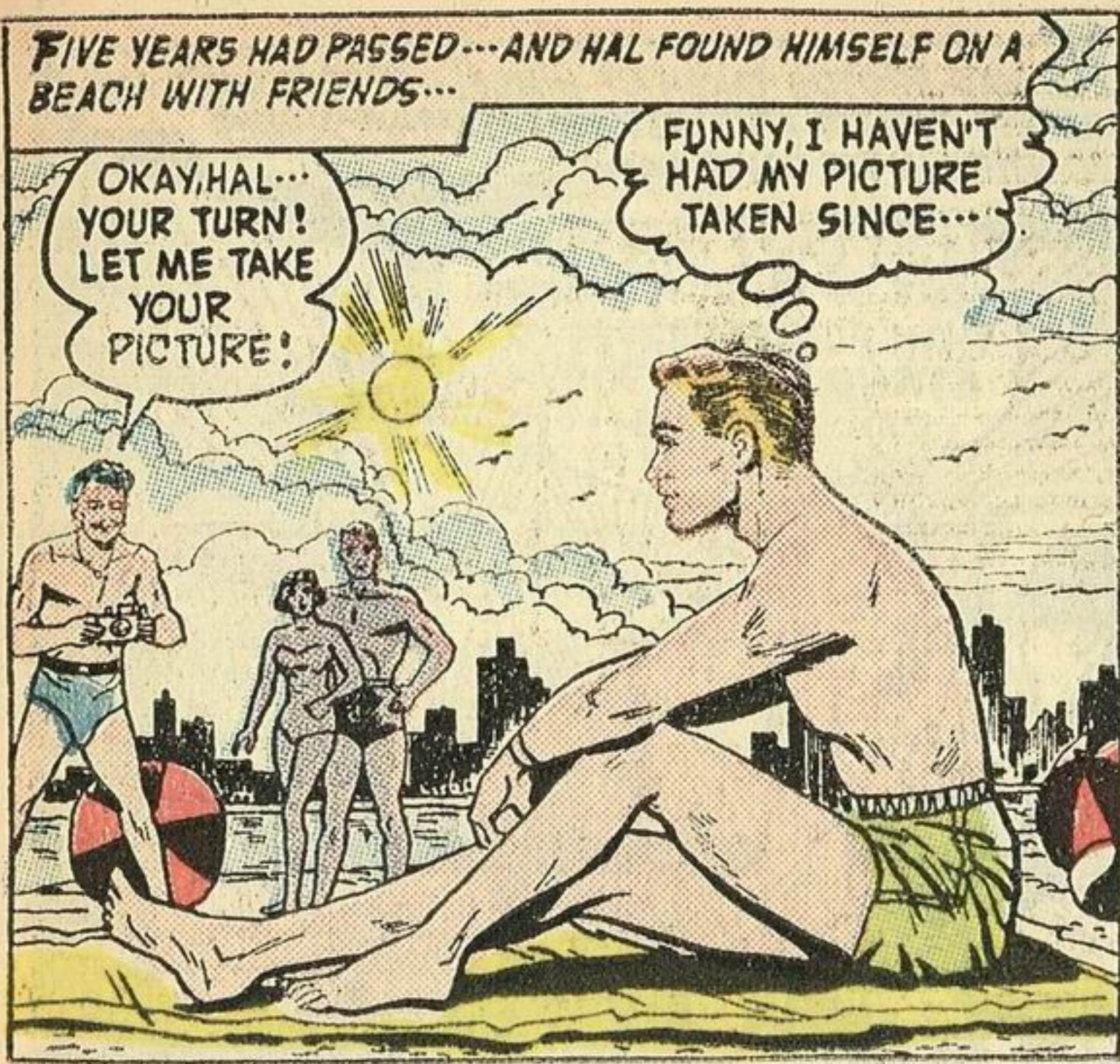
IT'S NOT JUST A THOUGHT... IT'S TRUE!



WEEKS, MONTHS OF ANGUISH PASSED, AND EDITH NEVER GREW DIM IN HIS MEMORY! ALMOST DAILY, AT ODD MOMENTS, AN UNKNOWN PRESENCE STARTLED HIM---

WHAT MADE ME LOOK UP SO SUDDENLY FROM MY WORK? IT'S LIKE I FELT SOMEONE STARING AT ME! CAN IT BE... SHE?





IN A DEVELOPING ROOM---

THERE IT IS...
AND THERE'S **EDITH!**
WHAT CAN IT ALL
MEAN?



HE HAD PHOTOS TAKEN OF HIMSELF EVERYWHERE, AND
ALWAYS **EDITH** APPEARED ON THE PRINT, ALWAYS
POINTING IN THE SAME WAY---

I...I CAN'T TAKE MUCH
MORE OF THIS...IT'S MORE
THAN HUMAN NERVES CAN
STAND! AND NOBODY
CAN HELP ME...
NOBODY!



HE BEGAN TO OBSERVE EVERYTHING
AROUND HIM VERY CLOSELY, SURE NOW
THAT SHE WAS NEARBY, TRYING TO
COMMUNICATE---

THOSE CANDLES...FLAMES
CAN'T BURN THAT WAY... IT
MEANS SOMETHING! OH,
EDITH...SPEAK TO ME,
DARLING...WHAT DO
YOU WANT ME TO
KNOW?



BUT NO SOUND EVER CAME
FROM THE VOID! GETTING NO
HELP FROM THE USUAL SOURCES,
HAL THORNTON AT LAST CAME
TO ME---

I DON'T BELIEVE IN
THAT OCCULT STUFF, BUT
I'VE GOT NOWHERE ELSE
TO TURN! THEY SAY YOU'RE
AN AUTHORITY---

WHY NOT TELL
ME EVERYTHING,
FROM THE BEGIN-
NING?



CONVINCED THAT THE STORY HE TOLD
WAS TRUE, I STUDIED THE PHOTOGRAPHS
CAREFULLY---

ONE THING IS
CLEAR, YOUR WIFE
IS TRYING TO GET
SOME MESSAGE
TO YOU---

BUT WHAT IS
THE MESSAGE
...AND WHAT'S
BEHIND ALL
THIS?



THE ONLY CLUE I HAD TO GO BY WAS THE STRANGE WAY IN
WHICH SHE POINTED---

HMMM...IN THIS FIRST PHOTO,
YOUR WIFE IS POINTING TOWARD
THE SETTING SUN...IN OTHER
WORDS, **WEST!** YOU'VE SAID THE
CANDLE FLAMES WERE
POINTING TOWARD THE
WINDOW---

YES, AND
THOSE WINDOWS
HAPPEN **ALSO**
TO FACE
WEST!



INTENSIVE STUDY SHOWED THAT IN **ALL** THE PHOTOS, THE
MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WAS POINTING WEST! I DETERMINED TO
FOLLOW A HUNCH---

I DON'T GET IT, PROFESSOR
WELLES! WHAT'S THE GOOD
OF FLYING TO CHICAGO?

YOU'LL
FIND
OUT!



IN CHICAGO, I TOOK SEVERAL PHOTOS OF HAL! EDITH ALWAYS APPEARED, STILL POINTING WEST---

WHAT GOOD IS THIS DOING?

I'M CONVINCED EDITH WANTS YOU TO GO SOMEWHERE, AND SHE'S POINTING THE DIRECTION! ...GREAT SCOTT! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

WITHOUT EXPLAINING I RUSHED OUT AND BOUGHT THE LARGEST MAP I COULD FIND---

HONESTLY, PROFESSOR ... I JUST DON'T---

IF I'M RIGHT, EVERYTHING WILL BE CLEAR!

AS I HAD HOPED SO DESPERATELY---

WHAT IN THE...? SHE'S POINTING AT CALIFORNIA!

AT THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, TO BE EXACT! AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, HAL!

THINGS NOW ROSE TO A CLIMAX OF OCCULT DETECTION! AS OUR PLANE TOUCHED DOWN IN LOS ANGELES, YOUNG HAL BEGAN TO TREMBLE INEXPLICABLY---

I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME... BUT I FEEL A SENSE OF DREAD!

I EXPECTED THAT! THIS MEANS WE'RE GETTING CLOSE... VERY CLOSE!

WITH HAL FEELING HIS WIFE'S PRESENCE VERY POWERFULLY, I ACTED SWIFTLY---

MORE MAPS? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THIS TIME?

I NEED THE LARGEST MAP AVAILABLE OF THIS CITY!

THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN AND DEVELOPED WITHIN THE HOUR---

WH-WHAT'S SHE POINTING TO? A HOSPITAL?

CORRECT! I RATHER SUSPECTED THAT TOO! LET'S GO!

AS WE APPROACHED THE END OF THE TRAIL---

I FEEL LIKE A MILLION VOLTS ARE SHOOTING THROUGH ME...

COURAGE, MY BOY... THIS ORDEAL WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

PROCEEDING AT ONCE TO THE HOSPITAL CHIEF...

NO, WE'VE GOT NO MRS. EDITH THORNTON HERE, OR ANYBODY ELSE WITH A NAME REMOTELY LIKE THAT!

WHAT ABOUT **SHOCK CASES**? DON'T YOU HAVE ANY PATIENTS WHOSE NAMES YOU DON'T KNOW?

OF COURSE... EVERY HOSPITAL DOES!

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THEM ALL...IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

WITH MOUNTING EXCITEMENT WE MADE THE ROUNDS! BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN WE WERE DISAPPOINTED...

THE PATIENT IN HERE IS AN AMNESIA VICTIM! SHE CAME TO US FIVE YEARS AGO, WITH NO IDENTIFICATION...WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HELP HER!

IT'S SHE...I KNOW IT! MY HEART IS POUNDING LIKE MAD!

ENTERING THE ROOM WE SAW A YOUNG WOMAN, STARING WITH GLAZED EYES, DEEP IN AN AMNESIA TRANCE...

EDITH!
OH, THANK HEAVENS!

FOR FIVE YEARS SHE'D LAIN IN THAT TRANCE, OBLIVIOUS TO THE DOCTORS WHO TRIED TO HELP HER! BUT AT THE SOUND OF HER HUSBAND'S VOICE, AND THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND...

IT'S ME, DARLING...LOOK AT ME! TRY TO WAKE UP... TRY TO REMEMBER...

HER EYELIDS ARE FLUTTERING! I...I BELIEVE SHE'S **COMING AROUND!**

WE SAW THE MISTS ROLL AWAY FROM THE YOUNG WOMAN'S LOVELY EYES! THEY FOCUSED ON HAL, AND THEN...

OH, HAL...
HAL! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BABY...**EVERYTHING** IS ALL RIGHT NOW!

WE DIDN'T PRESS MRS. THORNTON FOR DETAILS JUST THEN...BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WHEN SHE RECEIVED A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH FROM THE HOSPITAL...

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING NOW...CLEARLY! IT WAS SO AWFUL... THE CRASH... EVERYTHING...

TAKE YOUR TIME, BUT WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

SLOWLY, SHE TOLD US HOW THE AIRLINER HAD CRASHED AT SEA FIVE YEARS BEFORE...THE JOLTING IMPACT...



THOUGH DAZED, SHE MANAGED TO CLEAR THE SINKING PLANE AND DIVE INTO THE WATER! LUCK WAS WITH HER AS SHE FLAILED TOWARD A SPAR...



QUICKLY SHE LOST SIGHT OF OTHER PASSENGERS FLOUNDERING IN THE MOUNTAINOUS SEAS! A STRONG SWIMMER, SHE MANAGED TO HOLD ON THROUGH ALL OF THE HARROWING NIGHT AND DAY WHICH FOLLOWED...

CAN'T HOLD ON...MUCH...LONGER...



EXHAUSTED AND DELIRIOUS, SHE AT LAST SAW THE COAST! SHE DIMLY REMEMBERED REACHING IT, SLEEPING A LONG TIME ON A DESERTED BEACH...AFTER THAT, SHE COULD RECALL NOTHING...



I CAN FILL IN THE OTHER DETAILS! A TRUCK DRIVER FOUND YOU WANDERING DAZEDLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD! HE TOOK YOU TO A LOCAL HOSPITAL WHERE YOU COULDN'T TELL THEM WHO YOU WERE OR ANYTHING ELSE! FINALLY YOU WERE BROUGHT TO US HERE... AND YOU WERE IN THAT TRANCE FOR FIVE YEARS!



YES, EDITH WAS FINE NOW, HER MIND PERFECTLY CLEAR...BUT HOW TO EXPLAIN THE FANTASTIC EVENTS? SHE KNEW NOTHING OF THE PHOTOS, OF HAVING GIVEN DIRECTIONS...

WHAT'S YOUR THEORY, PROFESSOR?

NOT MUCH IS KNOWN ABOUT THE POWER OF THE WILL, OR MENTAL STATES SUCH AS EDITH WAS IN...



ABOVE ALL SHE WANTED TO REJOIN YOU, AND PART OF HER HAD GONE OUT TO CONTACT YOU...SO THAT YOU COULD RESCUE HER FROM THE HOSPITAL! WHY DID THINGS TAKE THIS COURSE? WHY DIDN'T SHE SPEAK TO YOU? **WHO KNOWS?** THE WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS STILL SHROUDED IN **MYSTERY!**



THAT'S THE STORY! I TOLD THEM TO FORGET WHAT HAD HAPPENED...TO START LIFE AFRESH! YES, I COULD TELL THEM TO FORGET IT ALL...BUT I KNOW THAT THIS IS AN ENIGMA WHICH WILL HAUNT ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! THERE'S GOT TO BE AN EXPLANATION...**BUT WHAT IS IT?**



Are **YOU**
SKINNY
like I was?

a 90 lb.
weakling
who became
world's
strongest
man

George
Jowett
BEFORE



George
Jowett
Champion
of
Champions
World's
Greatest
Builder
of
Champions
and REAL
HE-MEN
out of
SKINNY
and FLABBY
weaklings



Friend, I traveled the world, studying every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "5-Way Progressive Power Method" is TESTED-PROVED by hundreds of thousands LIKE YOU! SAVE YEARS, hundreds of DOLLARS! Do as movie stars, champions — John Sill, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella — did! Mail coupon NOW!

Just RUSH me your LAST CHANGE COUPON below with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS ON IT and I'll show **YOU** absolutely **FREE**

How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

And Become a REAL HE-MAN like MANY THOUSANDS of My Pupils in 10 Minutes of FUN a Day

Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick, Easy Methods How To

ADD POWERFUL NEW INCHES OF MUSCLES around YOUR ARMS, CHEST, LEGS, etc.

How to IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 100%.

How to BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE IN ALL POPULAR SPORTS.

How to BEAT ANY BULLY.

How to DO FEATS of STRENGTH.

How to be a WINNER in EVERYTHING YOU TACKLE.

YES! Your Success Story Can Soon be like John Sill and thousands of my pupils. Think of it — a skinny weakling like you became a **MAGNIFICENT MR. MUSCLES** — won a **BIG SILVER TROPHY**, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and \$100. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. **TODAY** everybody admires John's movie star build, he-man **STRENGTH**, his mighty **ARMS**, heroic **CHEST**, slender **WAIST**, rock-like **TORSO**, broad manly **BACK**, wide military **SHOULDERS**, new popularity with the **BOYS** and **GIRLS**. His winning drive in **ALL SPORTS**, his energy at work and studies.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you are in your teens, twenties or thirties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes a day in your home, you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from a wreck to a **WORLD CHAMPION**.

YES! YOU'LL ADD INCH upon INCH of **MIGHTY MUSCLES** to YOUR **ARMS**, YOU'LL DEEPEN YOUR **CHEST**, **BROADEN** YOUR **BACK** and **SHOULDERS**. From **HEAD** to **HEELS** you'll gain **SIZE**, **POWER**, **LIGHTNING SPEED**, **ENDURANCE**. You'll become the **SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN** in **LOOKS** and **ACTS** — a **WINNER** in **EVERYTHING**, athletics, business, studies.

DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES BY THE GREATEST METHOD!

Pick the kind of **BODY YOU WANT**
Check ALL Your Needs —

I GAINED **60 LBS.**
OF SHAPELY **MIGHTY MUSCLES**

This Can Be **YOU** in a Short Time!

BEFORE

Mailing Coupon I was a 125 lb. 6 ft. skinny weakling



says **JOHN SILL**

I added 7 inches to MY **CHEST**, 3½ INCHES to EACH **ARM**. No, Pal! You don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

AFTER

Mailing Coupon 185 lb. **HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN POPULAR ATHLETE** You can be, too!

BEFORE

THEY CALLED ME "SKINNY" — BUT NOW THEY CALL ME MR. MUSCLES

TONY PASCARELLA

Thanks to Jowett easy methods I GAINED 28 LBS. of **MUSCLE - PACKED STRENGTH** ALL OVER. I won new handsome looks—great athletic ability. Now You do it!

AFTER

I BROKE A WORLD'S STRENGTH RECORD!

BEFORE

JIM NORMAN became Athlete of the Year. Lifted the front End of a 2700 lb. Car. Quit being a bag-of-bones weakling like I was. In 10 minutes of fun a day, **JOWETT CAN DO FOR YOU ALL HE DID FOR ME!** I gained 25 **TERRIFIC LBS.** of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES**.

AFTER

mailing coupon below—like you do NOW.

MAIL THE COUPON TO ME NOW and I'll Send You FREE these

5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

PLUS BOOK OF PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN ONCE WEAK LIKE YOU



Formerly \$5.00 each. **MILLIONS** were sold at \$1.00. Send for them **ALL FREE**. Mail Coupon **BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE** and you have to pay \$1.00 or \$5.00.

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Dear George: I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body

I want: ☐ I want to gain lbs. (fill in).

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ Arms ☐ Chest ☐ Legs ☐ Shoulders
☐ I want to become a winning athlete ☐ I want **NEW PEP, NEW ENERGY**
☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

Also please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men plus all 5 **HE-MAN Building Courses**, now all in 1 volume. **ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.**

Name AGE

Address

City Zone State

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Will Bring You*

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EXTRA
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Quicker Easier
THAN EVER BEFORE!

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\$50⁰⁰ for selling only
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To Prove This we'll send you our famous
21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment on
approval and FREE samples of our exquisite,
big-variety Special Value Personal Christmas
Card lines PLUS full-color Catalog of our com-
plete, money-making line. Just mail the coupon
below. You'll be glad you did.

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fastest, easiest way to make all the
extra money you need, and more,
in your spare time! Simply show
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bors will fall in love with them on
sight. Last year thousands of
Wallace Brown folks made \$75.00,
\$200.00, \$500.00 and even more
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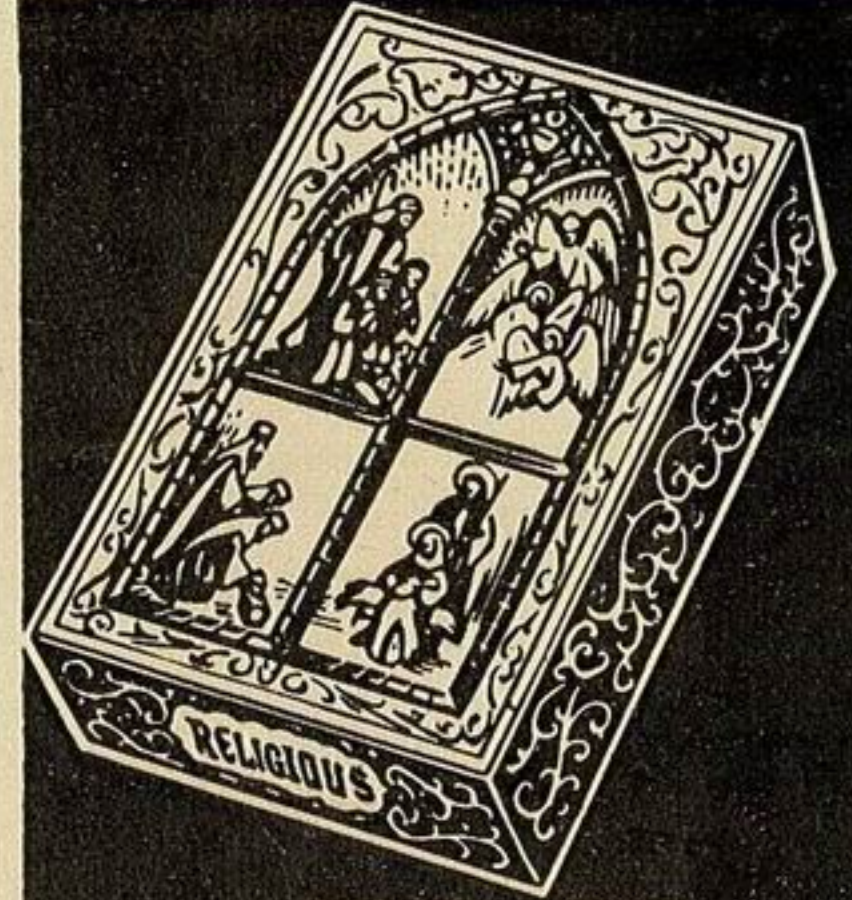
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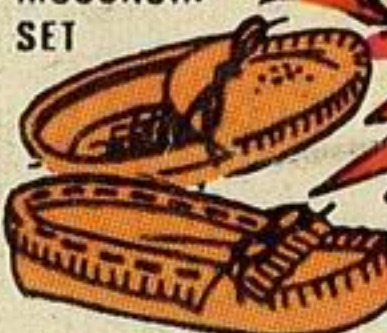
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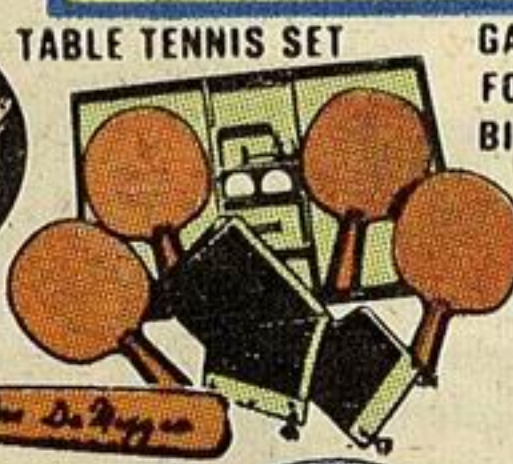
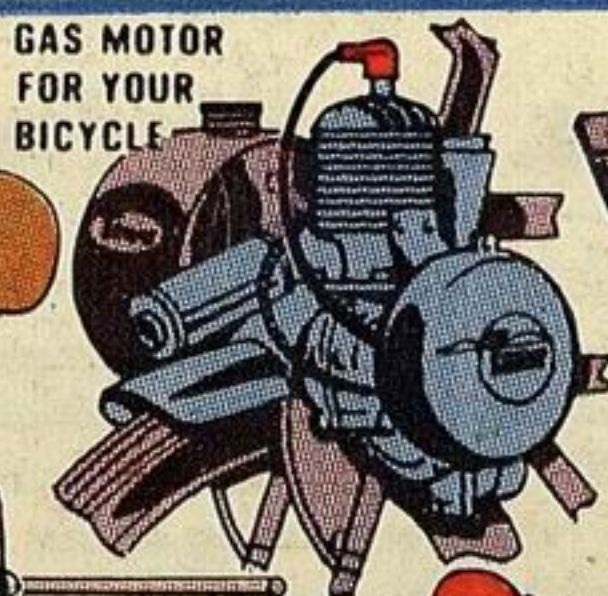


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GAS MOTOR FOR YOUR BICYCLE

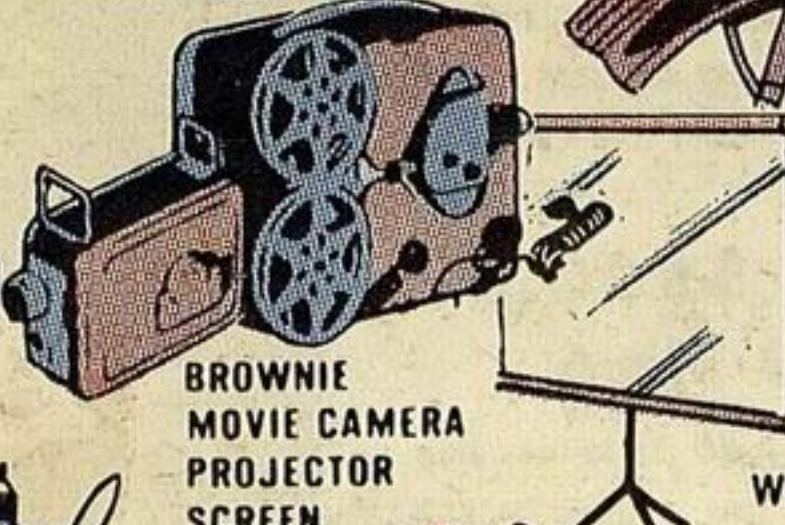


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1 TUBE RADIO SET

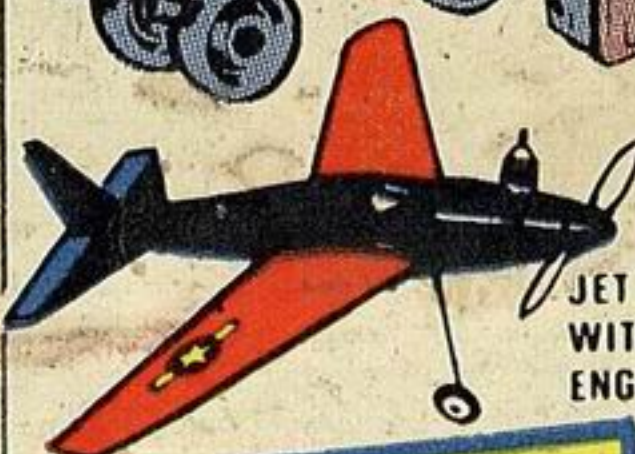


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